

ARGUS







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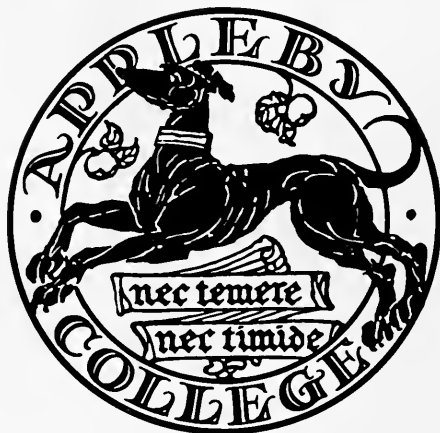
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THE ARGUS



NUMBER 82 1973-1974



C.L. GUNDY

1905-1978

Charles Lake Gundy, an old boy and for thirteen years the Chairman of Appleby's Board of Governors, died on September 15, 1978, in Toronto, at age 73.

Mr. Gundy entered Appleby in 1913, and graduated with his Senior Matriculation in 1923. A very active member of the School, he was a platoon commander in the Cadet Corps, a vice-president of the Radio Club, and a member of the Dramatic Society, where his laurels were associated mainly with maiden-lady parts.

In athletics he won his Colours in football, was a member of the Senior Gymnastics Team, a half-mile specialist in track, and a tennis player.

In addition to being a leading Canadian financier with directorships in many national corporations, he was also noted as a philanthropist. A member and former Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, he was also involved with the Canadian Association for the Advancement of Health Sciences and the Ontario Association for Retarded Children. In 1969, the University of Toronto conferred upon him the degree Doctors of Laws (honoris causa) for sponsoring a study of the condition of medical research in Canada and its needs for continued development.

Patrons

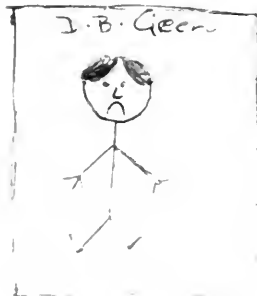
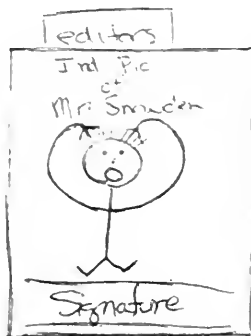
The Patrons of the Argus supply a valuable support to the yearbook by their donations. Without the generosity of these people it would be impossible to produce a record of the school year as comprehensive or as varied as the one we attempt. All the areas of yearbook activity - editing, writing, typing, picture-taking - involve a large number of boys who otherwise would not be exposed to this type of work. We feel the need to produce a book of which both ourselves and the Patrons can feel proud. You have already given to us; this book is our offering to you.

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Gerald R. Wannamaker
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Anonymous
Anonymous



Robert R. Taylor
1973

Editor's Page



Recalled to life;
Two whole years I've spent here.
Two whole years.

Two years I've watched the sun
set through those grimy windows -
the ones above the typewriter and
the dismal desks.

For two years I've watched it
cast shadows over pictures, papers,
articles, pens, pencils, more paper,
more articles, more pictures, more
...

For two years have the incessant
footsteps gone quickly by, back
and forth, back and forth. Keys
rattling, chains dangling. Two
years have I heard the guard com-
mand: "Prisoner 8925 - we've got
to get going on this thing." Two
years have I been in this Bastille.

For two years things have I
scurried about my cell. A tree with
no leaves spans the wet window.
An all too familiar smell rises from
the cold, dank stone floor. Is it?
No! Yes! It is! It is that scent! -
the glue! No! Not the gas cham-
ber! Ahhhhhhhh! My cry fades off
down the corridor and always the
echo comes back with the message,
"Argus is fun."

Two years in this Conciergerie.

My crime? I remember being
told, "It is a far far better thing
that you do, than you have ever
done. When it is over, it will be a
far far better rest that you go to
than you have ever known."

That's but part of the past now.
And yet it was that idealism, that
enthusiasm, that carried me

through. It was my raft in the
river, one might say. I would have
drowned without it. It was the ulti-
mate sacrifice. If only I had had
some cell-mates to relieve it all.

But it's been good.

Ironie, I ask?

No.

Crazy then?

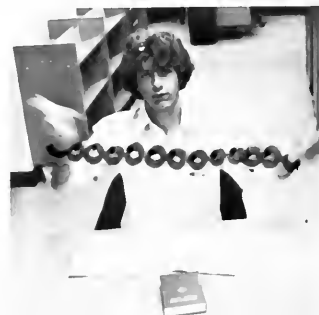
No. It's been rewarding, really.

I've stuck it through. I've learned.
I've had FUN.

But I'm recalled to life.

Argus seven-nine is complete.

Rob Cartotto



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Argus *Plaff* *Argus* *Plaff* *Argus* *Plaff* *Argus* *Plaff* *Argus* *Plaff* *Argus*

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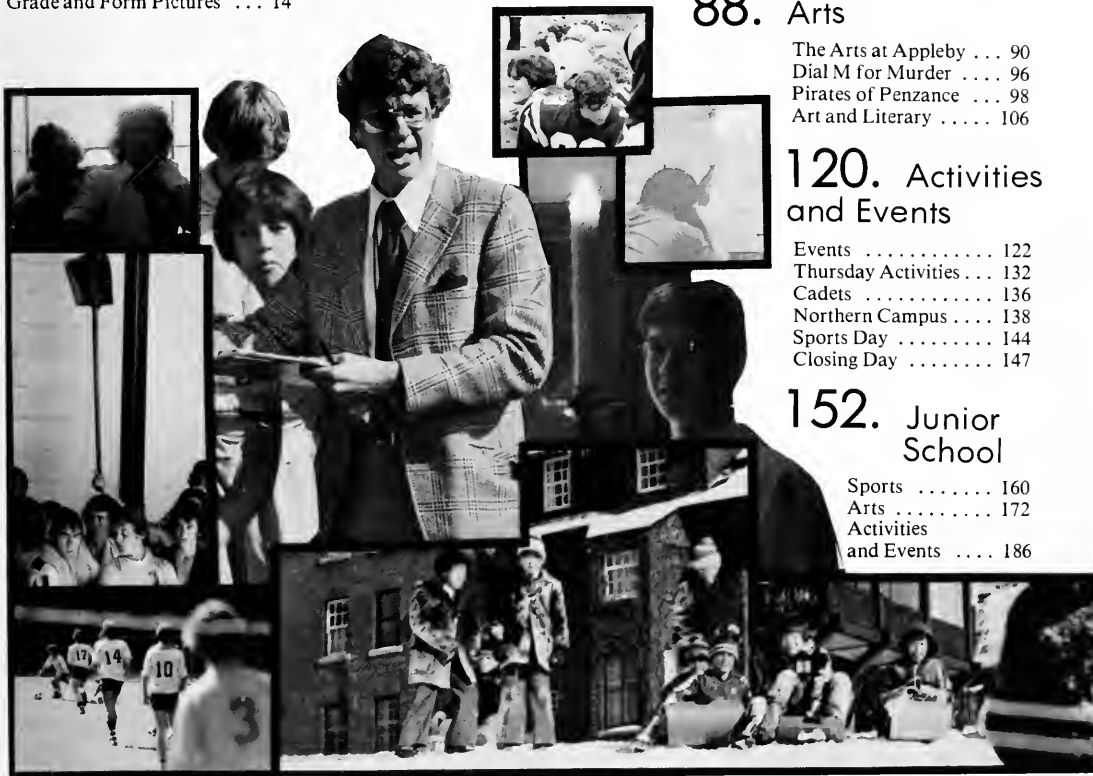
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The Board of Governors is a title which causes many doubts in the minds of the boys. In most cases they are portrayed as a group of old-fashion men who make all the unpopular decisions that affect the well-being of the school. This, I am glad to say is a fallacy! They are not senile - they are truly concerned for and vigorous in their attempts to help "the boys". And since most are old boys of have sons that attend the school they have a clear, contemporary view of the problems a private school has to face.

Their conduct shows their concern for the boys. The time devoted to supervising school matters is their own. They do it voluntarily and receive no pay for their valuable work. The time I met one of the governors (by accident) he appeared whole and hearty, all "old school tie." I was expecting a prepared speech on "the playing fields of Eton." However I was wrong. His manner turned serious and he asked me what my grievances and/or praises were against and/or for Appleby. Afterwards, I was impressed with his concern for the school and with the weight and thought he gave to both sides of my list.

They are all successful businessmen but their manner towards the school is not business-like. It stems from their love and respect for Appleby College.

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Head Master's Message

Instead of stringing together a series of platitudes which try to imply what good fellows we are in Canadian Schools in general and at Appleby in particular, I would simply like to say that I am deeply concerned about the subtle drift there is in all our educational institutions toward the casual and permissive approach, and away from some important time-honoured values.

We, who are committed to the education of young Canadians, might do well to remember that the teenager of today cannot recall at first hand any of the war years - the losses, the wounded, the thousands of refugees, the question of the survival of whole peoples, the many examples of courage and gallantry shown in the face of overwhelming odds, the quiet heroism of thousands in just maintaining life for their families, the ideals for which we fought, and which we hold so dear. This is all really just history to modern youth.

They have lived their impressionable years in times of unprecedented prosperity, unprecedented self-indulgence, and in the middle of an unprecedented barrage of communications - much of which is highly suggestive and destructive.

If we are to stem the drift, and indeed to assist in developing a society in which integrity and commitment and responsibility are fundamental to our way of life, there is an enormous work to be done.

As a start, and dealing only with the boys for the purposes of this article, I believe that right across the land we should develop programmes which will involve much more challenge and much more discipline, to the extent that our young people might learn more about responsibilities to be met and less about benefits to be received; so that they might learn a greater respect for sheer hard work; and so that they might develop those important qualities of perseverance and self-discipline.

To be specific, I think it is our job to prepare the boy for the stresses of life - to give him a robustness, or resilience, which will stand him in good stead in adult life. He must acquire physical, intellectual, emotional and spiritual toughness - for it needs all four to make him into a whole man.

The games field with its challenge to face physical hurt, and the long road on a cross-country run with its challenge to endure, are the natural places in which he may develop physical toughness. We must plan physical fitness programs designed to extend our youth, to toughen them up physically, and to develop courage and endurance. Young men need to learn that fitness cannot be inherited or bought; it has to be earned.

In the classroom our young people must be taught

the value of intellectual striving and the meaning of intellectual courage. While we should try to find ways and means to transform the learning process into a series of projects which are at once challenging and stimulating, we should also base them in discipline. Indeed it is important for our students to learn that there is no substitute for effort on the part of the learner, in the same way that there are few satisfactions comparable with the knowledge of difficulties overcome and work well done.

Emotional robustness is a slow growth in a small boy, and here is where a residential school has a unique role to play. For him it is no easy transition from the privileged consideration of the home to the equality of boarding life; from being the focus of attention to becoming one of many. Yet it is essential that somehow he learns to accept the even-handedness of justice and the ironies of life - with its disappointments and its frustrations - with equanimity. Contact with nature can help; and the schoolmaster can also help, by sympathetically putting into proper perspective those crises which understandably loom too large on the youthful horizon.

And finally, spiritual robustness is probably the most important of all. This is rooted in deep personal conviction, and in a genuine regard for "whatsoever things are true, honest, just and of good report." It is not a quality which may be taught formally; however a great deal can be done by a group of masters in a school when they can show consistently by their example that they know what is meant by true compassion for one's fellows, what is meant by the determined search for truth and by the courage to stand up for what they find to be right, what is meant by charitableness which is never unkind - and above all if they can think of their vocation not in the narrow sense of teaching a subject, but in the fullest sense of true Christian living. If a group of teachers can do this in any school, the young will certainly respond - because deep down they are idealists, and instinctively they admire the right things when they are shown them.

I hope my comments can have some value for wider field than that of our school. At the same time, while there is very important work to be done in a general sense, I believe that a school like Appleby will have a special responsibility in such a crusade; in fact, I think we should realize that we shall not be living up to our own obligations unless the young men who leave us are strong enough - not only to direct and to discipline themselves properly, but also to attract, lead and help others who have not had the same advantages.





FRONT ROW: Messrs. Stuart, Richardson, Washington, Smith, Dickens, Larsen, Nightingale, Large, Robbins, Landry, Berriman.
 SECOND ROW: Manbert, Workman, Day, Snowden, Boyd, Ms. Gibb, Singer, Bridgewater, Abbot.
 BACK ROW: Josselyn, Rudgard, Walsh, Humphreys, Revill, Shorney, Noble, DesRoches, O'Leary, Crabb, McLean, Roysse.

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 J.E. Dickens, B.Ed., M.Ed. Assistant Headmaster
 F.S. Large, B.A., M.A. Registrar
 M.A. Nightingale, B.A., M.A. Director of the Junior School

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 F.J. Richardson Walker House
 J. Washington Colley House
 J.E. Berriman Junior School House



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 Mrs. I. Lytle Powell's House
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 Mrs. W. Meade Junior School House



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BACK ROW: B. King, D. Beckett, P. Stoneham, C. Thompson, P. Logan, G. Richards, J. Wannamaker, G. Stuart, R. Woolley.

Head Prefect G.C.A. Leggat

Prefects

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P.H. Stoneham P. Hubner

In Powell's House W.R. Benson G. McK. Stuart
D.R. Green B. King
J.R. Wannamaker

In Walker House M.P. Baggaley P.B. Logan
D.E. Keates R.F. Woolley

Chapel Wardens J.G.L. Richards W. King
D. Stevenson D.R. Beckett
N.L. Wood

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Secretary P.A. Bundschuh

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Vice-Captains of Football G.C.A. Leggat

P.B. Logan

D.B. Green II

Captain of Soccer C.E. Richards

Vice-Captain of Soccer N.A. Day

Captain of Hockey D.R. Green I

Vice-Captains of Hockey G. McK. Stuart

D.E. Keates

Captain of Basketball G.C.A. Leggat

Captain of Squash F.A. Reid

Captain of Swimming D.S. Burke

Vice-Captain of Swimming P.A. Bundschuh

Captain of Cricket J.K.A. Chin

Vice-Captain of Cricket G.A. Wright

Captain of Rugger G.C.A. Leggat





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G. Leggat	G. Richards	D. Campbell	M. Kent
A. Newell	D. Hamilton	C. Ricketts	M. Baker

OPTIMATES, SEPTEMBER TO JUNE

R. Maxwell	N. Wood	T. Pike	J. Da Re
J. Linton	N. O'Driscoll	A. Krempulec	C. Baker
I. Hueton	D. Green	E. Morgan	R. Casey
R. Cartotto	S. Anderson	T. Scott	J. Hughes
M. Speich	K. Abear	P. Stewart	T. Hughes
D. Stevenson	N. Day	A. Paletta	

OPTIMATES, JANUARY TO JUNE

R. Maxwell	N. Wood	T. Pike	J. Da Re
J. Linton	N. O'Driscoll	A. Krempulec	C. Baker
I. Hueton	D. Green	E. Morgan	R. Casey
R. Cartotto	S. Anderson	T. Scott	J. Hughes
M. Speich	K. Abear	P. Stewart	T. Hughes
D. Stevenson	N. Day	A. Paletta	

UNSUPERVISED STUDY LIST, SEPTEMBER TO JUNE

C. Baker II	E. Neumann	D. Durdan I	J. Kee
T. Follows I	P. Lam	P. Follows II	J.C. Koenders I
J. Goddard	J. Da Re	J. Haldane	S. Kotulak
E. Morgan	M. Gibson	A. Graham	K. O'Hearn
P. Stewart	A. Paletta	A. Hueton II	H. Turnbull

Head Boy's Message



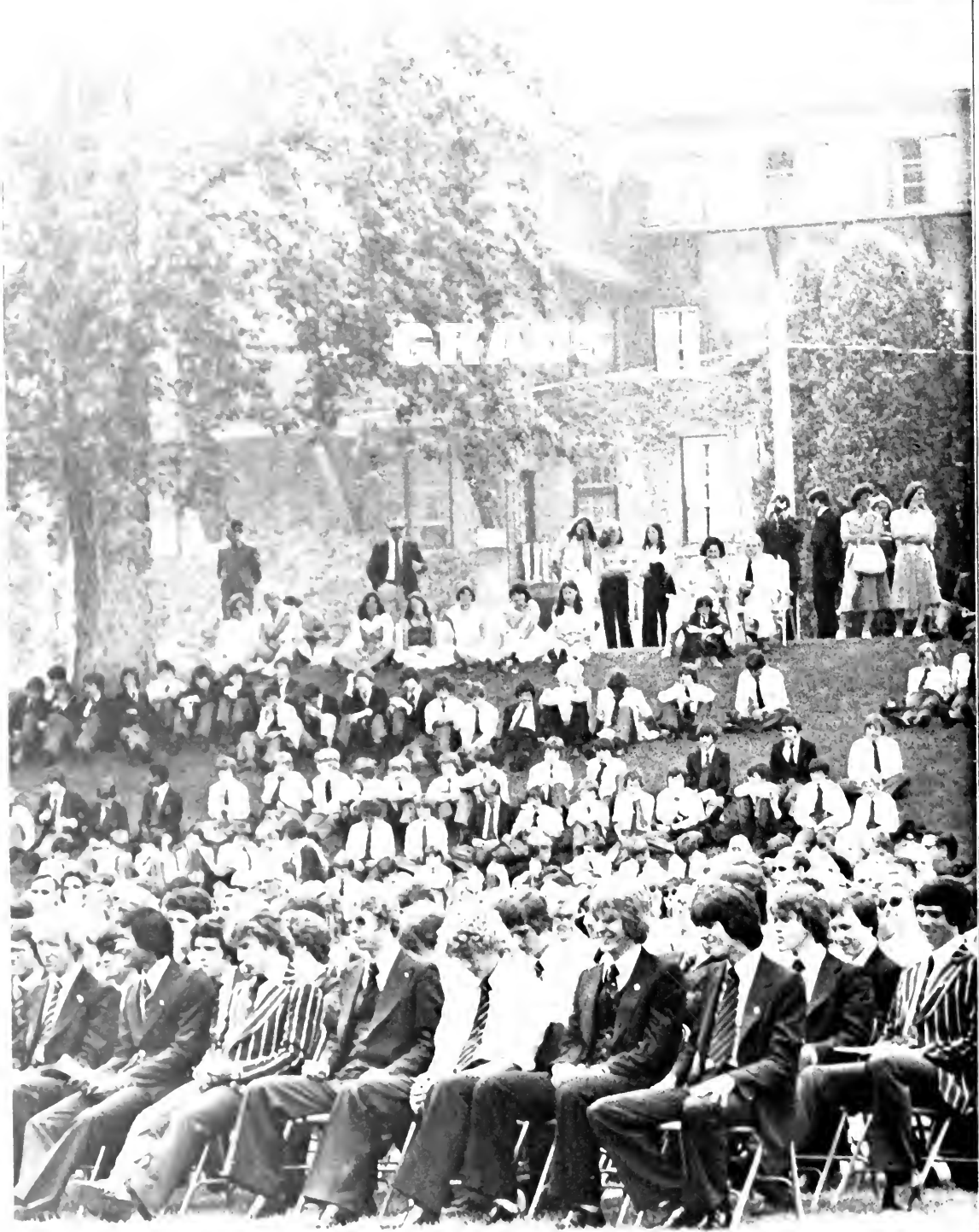
I find it difficult at this time to convey accurately the wide variety and depth of things that I feel. I cringe at the thought of numbing people with a wave of platitudes which would so water down my feelings that it would conceal any real truth about them. At the same time I don't want to harp on the bad aspects since, in the ensuing hue and cry, truths would again be concealed.

So let me say that the school has helped me grow. I have liked and disliked this growth in about equal proportions. It hasn't all been great fun; in fact, the most recent times have been difficult and at times painful. But, an experience doesn't have to be liked or be said to be liked in order to be acknowledged as worthwhile. My time at the school undoubtedly was, and I know that the strength I will draw on later came from here.

Graham Leggat







MARTIN BAGGALEY

When you're up here you're working under real rules. There's no room for pettiness or protocol. Everything has purpose. Everything means something. The sun hanging at dawn like a luminous water balloon, distorted, heavy at one end; the rain on the plexiglass, blurring vision like drink; the constant hand of gravity choking the throttle until it dies and you drop like a winged bird; the rime on the wings making them listen like moonlight on the sea -- they're all real. When you're up here, you're in control. Nobody has a say in what you do. If anything goes wrong, you've only yourself to blame. Which is how it should be. Up here you can soar and sail like a frantic falling leaf. You can throw off your limitations and streak through the air, leaving a trail like a worm burrowing through the sky. This is where things happen. It's here you can be alone to sit and think and see the size of people's lives. I like it here.



DAVID BAINES

Dave, as a new boy, found life at the College very different from what he had been used to. His charm and outgoing personality won him many friends -- but it's true that he did step on a few toes as well. What did Dave do at the College? Well -- Dave had a good time, made the start of Football Camp, played some squash and tennis and generally -- just took things easy. What isn't so easy to describe is the way he added a certain spark to the life of the school. His dynamism pulled him, and his friends, out of the doldrums and into higher spirits on many an occasion. What are his regrets? "I wish I could have been the goaltender for the hockey team, he says. "Yes, filling the pipes for the school's hockey team was the only thing I wished I'd done and never got around to." Oh well. Perhaps in the future this dream will come true. In the meantime, "Good luck, Dave, and keep on smiling!"

SEAN BAINES

In his five years at Appleby, this diminutive veteran of Powell's House has never ceased to live his life his own way. This stubborn individuality has led "Sid" to clash with some of his peers at times, but this has taught him a valuable lesson, the need for tolerance. "Sid" has always been enthusiastic about the school, as is evidenced by his many activities. A fine student, if you ignore his math marks, he has been a sometimes member of the Unsupervised List and Optimates Club. He has also done very well in History and Geography, winning prizes for both in Grade Twelve. In sports, "Sid" has been a member of the Under 16 Football pineriders for one year, the Track and Field "All-Stars" for four years, and the Second Swim Team, of which he was the official, if not spiritual, captain this year, for five years. He has also been active in Debating, earning his tie in Grade Twelve, and in Drama, where he played a jockey in the "Jockey Club Stakes," and "Mr. Bennet" in "Pride and Prejudice." All in all, "Sid" has had a beneficial five years here. We will miss him. Good luck, Sean, (so that's his real name) wherever you go.





MARK BAKER

Although Mark only joined us for this last year, in his own quiet way he has done more than his share in contributing to the school. A Gold Optimates holder and a diligent worker, Mark pulled off the type of marks some of us could only dream of. But, unlike some academically inclined people, he never limited himself to academic pursuits. In the fall, Mark threw his six-foot frame enthusiastically into football and became a member of the first team football squad. In the winter he displayed the same type of enthusiasm in swimming. When summer finally arrived, Mark swallowed his pride and tried his hand at rugby for the first time, not an easy thing to do when you have joined a team of the calibre of this year's first XV! But once again, his enthusiasm won through, and I am sure he learned a lot. Mark is one of a large group of low profile students who, by achieving excellence in both academic and athletic endeavours, make up the backbone and strength of Appleby. We all wish you the very best in the future, Mark, and we have no doubt you will achieve it.

DARYL BECKETT

Daryl Beckett has been at Appleby for seven eventful years. In that time he has been perhaps the most friendly and courteous of those in the school. With a hearty salutation always ready on his lips, Daryl has won his way into the hearts of all of us. Athletically speaking, "Ponzarelli" has shown an incredible lack of respect for his life and limbs by bravely, if not foolhardily, tending goal for the 1st Hockey Team for two years. He has also worked for several years with the track team and the Harriers, not to mention many hours spent flexing out in the weight room. Some may have outshone Daryl in the classroom, but few can say they have outworked him. With admirable determination, Daryl has successfully slaved his way through school, earning the respect of both his teachers and his peers. Daryl has extended much time and effort on many charitable ventures including Extencicare, community service and most particularly in organizing the Cancer drive. This type of selfless contribution to the community was acknowledged when Daryl was awarded the Victor's Citizenship Award. In the year since then, Daryl has further served as a steady prefect and an officer in the school cadet corps. However, these positions, important though they are, cannot compare with Daryl's intangible, yet constant, care for the school's well-being. One would be hard put to find another who has contributed so much to Appleby with so little recognition. Daryl is just one of those fellows whose presence makes wherever he is a happier place. We wish him the best of fortune in the years to come.



BILL BENSON

Bill's six years at the "Apple" was highlighted by his appointment as head boy of Powell's House. Always contributing to the life of the school, Bill spent two sessions up North as an Instructor, and gave a good deal of his time doing Argus photography. Billy could often be found giving Coach 'C' a hand in the darkroom. As they say, "two heads are better than one". Athletically Bill was an active member of First Football and he added strength and depth to the defense. Bill always stressed that success on the field was a "joint" effort. Bill's contribution to the team was recognized this year as he received his colours. In other sports Billy's ability shone brightly. Many a League goalie was burned when "Billy Boomer" cruised down the ice and sizzled the puck by him for yet another victory for the blue team. Well, good luck next year Bill and remember; "Whenever in doubt use your head!"



RICK BRUCE

It was sometime early in his nine year career at Appleby, when Rick Bruce was christened "Rat". To this day we are still mystified as to exactly what the connotations of this are. "R the R" was the most experienced member of the elite Colley House Grade 13 squad, the last to live in the "old" Colley House. Athletically, Rick has been a key member of the Golf Team for three years. He led it to a second place finish in the I.S.A.A. this year. He has been a pillar of strength on the League Hockey team for the past five years and has also been a member of the First Football team for two. Academically he was a steady student and his name was often found on the Unsupervised Study list. We will always remember Rat as an enjoyable guy who always kept on laughing and entertaining us with his many adventure stories and his frequent, but brief romances. We must give him credit for his limitless imagination, which has helped many of us to wile away the empty hours. Rick, we wish you the best of luck!



DOUG CAMPBELL

In the three years which Doug has been at the Apple, he has left very few areas untouched. He has managed to obtain membership in the gold optimates club and has been on the unsupervised study list for three years. He has also portrayed an able Inspector in "Dial M for Murder," and held a role in the performance of "The Jockey Club Stakes." His public speaking ability has helped him in both debating and the public speaking contest. Athletically, Doug made the record board in soccer, played league squash and managed to finish as the over-all runner-up on Sports Day. But let us not forget Doug's personality, nor can we easily forget Doug's sincere, easy-going and congenial nature because to do so would be to risk breaking the bond that ties together the whole school. We at Appleby wish for you the best in the future, whatever goal you may choose and are certainly most likely to achieve.

KEITH CHIN

Keith's biggest thing was his cricket. In his two years here, he has cricketed his way into the hearts of the entire school, winning, in his final year, the coveted most valuable player award for the cricket team. When he goes back to Trinidad brandishing this trophy, he will be able to field all types of offers from the first division teams down there. Along with this great cricketing ability, Keith is reputed to have perfected another perhaps more valuable skill: sleeping. He was one of those students who, to his credit, could always be found in his room during study - but not always working (snore). His smiling and quiet face was a pleasure to have nearby; those of us who knew him in the house can attest to his. We wish him all the best in his future endeavours and certainly hope to see him back at the College at one of those fabulous Old Boy functions.





DON GREEN

Don, alias "The Kid", has finally made it through his six eventful years at the college. Known for his athletic abilities, rather than his academic prowess, DG certainly made his presence felt. Captain of both football and hockey, winner of the Victor Ludorum, and a "notta badba" rugby player playing for the World 7's team, Don never suffered from the P.R. blues. A prefect in his final year, Don was known to discipline not only the boys at the school, but a few Riverside and Halton patrons as well. His 'fun-loving' nature was felt in his first year in the junior dorm. Arrive from the small hamlet of Brockville? Don wasted no time in adjusting to school life with constant trips out the fire escape for a better view. The casanova of the class, Don has had more women than hot dinners, eh Bunny! Don will be heading to Queen's, in his deadly yellow beast, to tear apart the football team and we wish him the best of luck, he will not soon be forgotten. P.S. Thanks for the A-Bay.

DONALD HAMILTON

In his five years at Appleby, Don has made his presence felt in more ways than one. He is a fine student, as evidenced by his four year tenure on Unsupervised Study and his Gold Optimates. He is also been active in sports, by playing on various Cricket Teams for four years, the Second Swim Team for two years, and the school's most honoured and prestigious squad, League Hockey, for three years. But it was Don's extra-curricular activities, both officially sanctioned and otherwise where he made his name. He has played lead trumpet in the Band for five years, been an Argus photographer and Powell's House darkroom manager for two years, and a member of the Operetta chorus for two years. In other "activities", Don's nocturnal peregrinations have resulted in a boom in business for Country Style Doughnuts and the strangest collection of odds and ends the school has ever seen. He has also been responsible for more new clothing rules than the rest of the class put together! All in all, Don's stay at Appleby has been a memorable one for all concerned. Let's just hope that the university he attends next year is prepared far in advance.



STEVE HARMER

"Shultz" has seen four years at the "Apple", but the "Apple hasn't always seen four years of Shultz". Yes, Steve dreads the thought of staying in one place too long and his travels, as a result, have taken him both near and far. A winning smile and a wry sense of humour will always stand a person in good stead however, and Steve was amply gifted with both of these qualities. An exceptional math student, he repeatedly astounded those who knew him with pre-exam snoozes and post-exam successes. Over the years he also has played hockey, tennis and football and the halls frequently resonated with the sounds of laughter as he took his pet rock, Felix, for evening strolls. If popularity and friendliness could be counted in material riches then "Shultz" would indeed have lots and lots of "bread" (as the hippies say). What's he going to do in the future? "I haven't the foggiest idea." is his cheerful reply. Whatever it is though, it's bound to be successful. Good luck Steve!



PAUL HUBNER

One of Paul's favorite shots of himself is atop a snow-covered cliff overlooking Rabbitnose Island at Temagami. The sunglasses reflect the glare of snow and sun and blue sky, while from directly below them comes his trademark - a big smile. In the smile we read his personal generosity, his sensitivity (Mr. Berriman remembers how even in grade 7 Paul used to listen to classical music when everyone else was grooving to the Osmonds) and his friendliness. And then one could depend on him, too - his patrols at Northward Bound had to, and he developed this quality further as a prefect in Colley House. So it's off to university next year: keep smiling.



HUGH JONES

"Hugh-bear" has been with us for four years now, and for Hugh, life's been a breeze. A non-conformist on the field, he has resisted any temptations athletic status may have offered him. Hugh has a casual acceptance of sports, enjoying league hockey, squash, tennis, and is an ardent member of the Appleby 'country club'. A pleasant, happy go lucky fellow, Bear concentrated his efforts as an artist, musician and "high scoring economics student". Artistic in nature, Hugh displayed talent in this field by winning the grade 12 art prize. However Hugh-Bear will be best remember for his energetic participation in the Fetal Pigs invasion, A friendly, easy going fellow off stage, Hugh became a frenzied axe wielding bassist in his unforgettable stint with the Fetal Pigs. When asked where he plans to go next year Hugh responds with "whichever way the wind blows." Well I hope the world is ready for you Hugh and remember -- never fly a kite on a windy day.

DAVE KEATES

Y'know, I got a friend who lives in a big red brick house down by the lake and he must be almost seven feet tall if he's an inch. He's got these huge big hands that look like he used to hammer stakes in with them when he was a kid, and he's strong as ten guys, but he's quiet and good natured and when he smiles you reckon he's got the inside track on things and that he knows you'll be alright in the end. Some guys think he's dumb and they shout things at him about how dumb he is but I watched him and I seen him sit quiet and size things up. I seen those big hands of his stroke a guitar gentle enough to coax a song and I heard the way he talks sometimes and he's as smart as he is big. And if he isn't letting on to anyone, then he's smarter yet.





MIKE KENT

There was seldom a time that, upon making their study rounds, the Powell's House masters wouldn't find Mike playing his guitar. While his love for his instrument took up a great deal of his time, Mike also put a lot of effort into many other activities, such as the Argus, and community service. Despite all of this, he was a good student, often a member of the Unsupervised and Optimates Clubs during his five years at the College. Mike was basically a quiet guy, and not a strong contributor to school teams, although he actively took part in tennis, squash and cross-country running. Mike has made a lot of friends at Appleby, among boys and masters alike but occasionally he was unaccounted for in the early morning! We wish him the best of luck next year at U. of T. where he plans to study medicine and we hope to see him at all the Old Boy's gatherings.

BILL KING

The Binger has been a good friend to many of us during his four years. Although studious by nature he still has many going interests. One of which you can see him trucking all over the campus! It's not easy to carry a tuba but he sure can play it. Bill has good potential in leadership as shown by his year as an E.R. instructor and as a prefect in Powell's House. Bill has certainly shown himself capable of using the rackets by playing on the squash teams for two years and as an active player on the tennis courts. Although not known for being a real rowdy, Bill has still had many good times with us. We all wish him well as he takes a year off before studying Computer Science at York.



GRAHAM LEGGAT

This is almost a farewell but you asked for it no apologies remember you came in with that defensive look of I dare you to teach me and that's how you remained tortured by mediocrity still that doesn't explain your love of Kerouac and Burroughs except that maybe they taught you something by osmosis almost 'cause boy did you celebrate them but they taught you maybe a thing or two that is the capacity for an uncompromising affection for some people you wouldn't have chosen but people who cracked shins and frustrations with you nevertheless because the school chose you all putting you stern Graham footballing, basketballing, ruggering acting and prefecting with them until you with new knowledge of yourself and of us the rest became more yes more yourself finding some dusty unknown alleys of what we could call your inner San Francisco you know Zen and pilgrimages and all peace et cetera learning that peace isn't an escape but the climax of a series of self-discoveries and of course it was more than this your time here indeed there was something else you said it yourself that made this time a memorable one though I paraphrase and that was the realization that emotional mediocrity is as bad as other types which made you as unrelenting in that department as elsewhere but happier I think too because here yes here in this school you found some emotional gold yes here man yes yes yes and so may I add did we in you thanks.



CHRIS LEWIS

Chris "Harry" Lewis has been at Appleby for five years, and has, in that time, quietly contributed to the well-being of the school with his cheerfulness and willingness to help out whenever the need arose. Perhaps "Harry" will be best remembered for his exceptional abilities between "the pipes" on the 1st Hockey Team this year. Whether winning by five goals or losing by ten, Chris always gave his best until the end. Chris also played on the first Football Team, first Cricket Team and was Captain of the Second-Under 16 Cricket Team which did very well this year. One of the founders of the illustrious Appleby College Sailing Club, Chris also participated in the Thursday Sailing, Photography, and Typing Clubs. Chris plans to attend the University of Waterloo next year, and get his Bachelor of Science degree. Beyond that he plans to get his pilot's license and to eventually become a commercial airline pilot. Chris' presence here has made the school a happier and better place to live, and we shall all miss him next year. Good luck in the friendly skies, Chris.



PETER LOGAN

While at Appleby Peter made his mark in many areas, both academic and athletic. He played football and rugby, and during the winter he successfully kept any opponents out of his alley along the boards in League Hockey. There is no doubt that Pete was a serious student. In contrast to many of the other of his peers in Walker House, Pete could always be found at his desk, during study. This seriousness of his spilled over into other areas - specifically into his job as a prefect where he controlled the top deck of Walker House with the formidable help of Big Daddy Keates. Here and throughout the school, Peter gained a name as a fair and firm prefect. Next year he plans to settle down by travelling through Europe. Good luck, Pete. Come back and see us.

BRUCE McDONALD

Bruce or "Brew" has only been with us for a year now, but despite the brevity of his stay, Bruce has left a strong impression on us all. When he wasn't scoring goals for the league blue team or smoking up the tennis courts, Bruce could be found caressing the phone in the Colley House basement. An easygoing, pleasant guy, Bruce seemed to have a split personality. During the week our mild-mannered Bruce could be found hard at work within the bowels of Colley House, but on weekends Bruce was a walking party. If colours could be given out for partying Brew would certainly be at the top of the list. When asked just what makes up a partier, Bruce displays some of his "essential" equipment such as his customized van and its shapely accessories. Well, good luck next year Brew and remember; "a snake in the hand is worth a bird in the bush".





STU MACDONALD

"Lanny" has spent the last two years at Appleby, but in that time he has managed to create an image that many of us will long remember. He played cricket this past term, and on the first football team in the fall. Although a native of a rather warm climate, Lanny's most memorable contribution, remarkably enough, was in the area of hockey, where he won the distinction of "the most aggressive player" of the Central African Hockey Association, and the accompanying trophy. Between sleeping, studying, and taking part in other assorted activities Appleby has to offer, Lanny was kept busy during his time with us. Let's hope to hear from Lanny in the future, perhaps leading a Trinidadian Hockey team.

PAUL MANIFOULD

Five years and now Max is playing vacations ... it's hard not to think of A-Bay, but is there life after Fort Lauderdale ... Golden Firebirds, but you can only drive down mainstreet so many times ... Ain't love a bitch? Marks, Marks, Marks ... Pick, Pick, Pick ... \$, \$, \$. Friend and those good times, Oh, wouldn't a dow go good now? ... Black and Blue for me and you! ... Rolling Stones with black Corvettes ... Bayou Hio remember Martaan? ... Black rabbits ... D.I.Y. ... 2nd class citizen but aren't we all ... And so as we draw to an end of this merry exposition on past life, all that can be heard are the now familiar words ... With one way out, strange voices shout, don't let that Twigman out ... (But he did get out, didn't he?)



GARETH MITCHELL

Gareth, or as everyone knows him, "Johnny Ratten", has been at Appleby for two years. His bright red hair matches his quick tongue and personality, as we all found out in our English classes. Well said Johnny. In both his years, Gareth has enjoyed the game of rugby, this year making the open side. As far as academics go, "J.R." breezed through, with just a little help. Those last minute essays will always be remembered. However Johnny's life at Appleby went much further than just his physical contributions. Like most people, Gareth joined in many activities. He was in the operetta for two years and this year also found time for the school play. On Thursdays he could be seen either down hollering at the cadets or taking part in the active zoology club. Over the course of the year John got to know a lot of different aspects involved. Street Heart and Sage were just a few. So for the last time the boys at the college will be watching "J.R." heading up past the chapel and across the north field in the direction of the dew. It will be one sight that we will truly miss. Good luck in future endeavours!



MARK MULL

Mark has spent but two short, yet eventful years here with us at the school. Right from the start it has always been "Burny's" ambition to co-educationalize Appleby. Early in his first year here he set about trying to convince St. Mildred's to amalgamate with Appleby. However, after careful consideration and much "field research", Mark has come to the conclusion that perhaps Albert College would be a more beneficial associate. Aside from this field of study "Burny" has also made many contributions in other areas. He played First Football for two years, and earned a position on the Rugger Record Board this year. He also gave up a promising career in hockey this year, and can still often be found trying to perfect his shot. Mark has always done well scholastically, receiving Optimates in his first year here, and this year he has achieved his Gold Optimates. It should be noted that "Burny" spent his last year here as a member of the infamous Walker House main deck. Those of us who have known, and lived with him, will always remember his easy nature and amusing antics with much affection. Best of Business in the future, Burny.



ANDREW NEWELL

Contrary to popular opinion, Andrew does not spend his weekends solving math problems, (not all of them anyway!) Nevertheless, it is his mathematical ability that sets him apart. One of his greatest joys is writing math contests, some of which he has placed very high in. Visitors to his room are sometimes intimidated by the array of books on his favorite subject. Andrew has never limited himself to one thing, however. Although his best contributions were academic, he has tried almost everything the school has to offer, including a bewildering number of sports and such out-of-the-way offerings as yoga. He was even the school billiards champ! His greatest enthusiasm went to dramatics and debating. In his last year, he played the dashing Mr. Darcy in *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*, as well as helping backstage in the operetta, and he was always quite willing and ready to go to debating tournaments. It's always difficult to decide what one has given to, and taken from, the school. What Andrew has done, he has done in a quiet way. There may have been a few regrets, (like the absence of good chess opponents!), but we are sure he will remember Appleby with pleasure.

PETER OCHITWA

Peter, "Disco", "Chit", "Fox", "Starth", Call him what you will, but under any name you choose, he's still the same character. When he first came to Appleby five years ago, we really didn't know what to make of him. What are you supposed to do with a guy who salutes the TV set every time Star Trek comes on. After only a few short months we had all branded him as a likely candidate for the nut house. But it looks as if he will get the last laugh all this past year as he has been able to establish Starth Vader Productions Ltd, a company dealing with Star Wars Promotions. When not out trying to make millions, Chit has shown us through his academic abilities that he isn't always out in space. Although I am sure he would rather bet on sports than actually take part, he has shown great enthusiasm. The years he has spent at Appleby have not only been rewarding for him but also for all those who have known him. After a year off to pursue business interests he hopes to take up hotel management. We wish you all the best, Chit. May The Force Be With You.





FRED REID

Fred is one of Appleby's most liked guys. His wide smile and hyena-like laugh are constant reminders of his carefree presence. Fred's favorite corner of the campus was no-doubt the squash courts where he captained a very successful squash squad this past year. And who could forget Fred's big kicks, clearing the ball from in front of our second-team soccer goalies. In the spring Fred finds his fancies again turn to the courts. There he plays first singles on the tennis team. Fred has put down his squash racket to try his hand in the school operetta for the past two years. Last year he played in the chorus of bumbling policemen in 'Pirates of Penzance' and this year became a sailor of 'H.M.S. Pinafore'. Fred has never claimed to be a scholar (Thank-God because no one would have believed him anyway), but people like Fred are what a successful school needs. He is always in a good mood, ready to laugh, and as a result is constantly cheering up everyone's lives. We wish Fred lots of laughs and success as he brightens up Western University next year.



COLIN RICHARDS

It has been said that the advantage of a classical education is that it enables one to despise the wealth which it prevents one from attaining. A shift of wit, indeed, but not entirely accurate. A thorough education, rather, enables a boy to despise the emptiness of his values - values which his schooling has taken great pains to fabricate. This may seem cynical, but no it is in fact the truth. Colin Richards, an Appleby Boy of seven years, can attest to that. He has done much within the structure of the school and has accomplished much. He has the ties and pins to prove it. His greatest accomplishment, however, was his slow realization of what lies beneath those empty, hollow castles of success and attention. What is this realization - what lies beneath? You, as a person - a genuine person - lie beneath. To get to know this person thoroughly will be the greatest achievement of one's life. Colin has had some friction but few regrets in this pursuit. "Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is really worth knowing can be taught."

Oscar Wilde

GORD RICHARDS

Gord has been with us for five industrious years. In that time, he has proven himself to be a first-rate member of the community and an enjoyable person to be around. These qualities made him an obvious choice for prefect of the "four-bedder" deck, and he soon won the friendship and respect of his charges there. As Head Chapel Warden, he saw to it that every service went smoothly. Always a hard worker, Gord has been a regular on the Unsupervised Study List and has held his Optimates since Grade 11. One of the founders of the Model Railroad Club, he was also a member of the Sailing and Typing Clubs. Gord's sporting endeavours included 2nd soccer, 2nd squash and 2nd Cricket, in which he always gave his best. Gord's future plans include an Engineering degree at Waterloo, which he will attend next fall. Such a fine person will be sorely missed by us all. Best of luck in the future, Gord!



CHRIS RICKETTS

Chris has been with us for only two years, but in that time he has become firmly entrenched as one of the school's biggest smiles. His brilliant set of teeth and his uninhibited nature made Chris a friend of virtually everyone in the school. From the moment that he first swept onto campus, Chris has been extremely active in all facets of school life. A good student, he earned his Gold Optimates pin this year. In sports, Chris has been on the 2nd Hockey Team for two seasons, run with the Harriers and played tennis. When not in the classroom or on the playing fields, Chris could often be found on the stage, practicing his extroversion in "Pride and Prejudice", "Pirates of Penzance", or "H.M.S. Pinafore" (in which he had a lead). Chris was also made a Debating Tie-Holder for his efforts in arranging our weekly debates and for his not inconsiderable facility in this pursuit. The most important thing about Chris, however, is that he is a fun person. He is one of those fellows with whom it is simply impossible to get angry. A quick smile and indefatigable good humour are real assets and ones with which Chris has graced Appleby during his regrettably short stay here. We all hope he has enjoyed these two years as much as we have enjoyed spending them with him, and we wish him the best the future has to offer.



MIKE ROBERTS

Mike, otherwise known as 'Milo Papple,' has only been with us at the college for one year. If he had been here any longer, the mind boggles at what he might have accomplished. Mike's terrific sense of humour, his good nature, and his fantastic, absolutely amazing, luck could have taken him to undreamed of heights. As it was, Milo achieved distinction as captain of our school sailing team, foremost member of the illustrious society 'BISCUIT' (Breakfast is Completely Unnecessary If Tired) and managed, between meals, to astound everyone who knew him. It has been suggested that Mike's "love -- his turtle dove -- sent from above" should also be given an Old Boy's Tie. She was here more than he was. "Lucky? Me?" says Mike. "The only reason they never caught Ab was because I always put a Do Not Disturb sign on my door." We don't need to wish you good luck in the future -- you are already far ahead of us in that regard.

DAN SELL

Dan has been here at the "Apple" for five years. Besides finding out that Dan has a tendency to act a little strange at times, we also found out that he must be one of the hardest workers ever to go through the school. This hard work has paid off and Dan has been on the Unsupsers list since Grade 9. Dan has also been active in other areas, and being a breast-stroker, he swam for the First Team in the I.S.S.A. championship season of 1977. Dan has also played in the squash league and this year enjoyed a membership with the exclusive Grade 13 Golf and Country Club. Dan also played half-back on the First Football Team for three years and will always be remembered not only for his destruction of the other team but also for the strange way in which the fog affects him. When you leave here Dan, may these words remind you of the good times you've had, and we wish you the best of luck in the future. FRAAANK!



PAUL STONEHAM

Paul has been with us for five busy years. He has always been a conscientious member of the community, always willing to put out and get things going. In athletics, Paul received his colours this year for football, a sport he has been playing for four years. He also masqueraded as a fish for the Swim Team for four years. In the Spring, Paul has always played rugby, spending his last two years as a valuable member of the 1st XV. Off the playing field, Paul is a consistent and diligent student. This year he was a steady prefect in Colley House. This year Paul was also a mainstay member of the debating society, representing the school in several Tournaments. During the summer, Paul is a sailing instructor and he put his talents in this activity to good use by being a charter member of the Appleby College Sailing Club. The last two years, Paul has been the A.C.S.C.'s commodore, which is a yachtsman's extremely grand way of denoting the fellow who organizes and runs things. But in twenty years time, if the positions held and the glories won are all forgotten, what we will remember about Paul is his laudable contributions to the school, given in the spirit which makes Appleby College a group of friends.





GRAHAM STUART

Graham Stuart, commonly known as STU-A-LU, has been at Appleby College for five years. During his years here, he has excelled in the field of sports. He has played for three years on the First Hockey Team and became Vice Captain in his final year. Everyone will remember big number 10 streaking across the ice towards the nearest fight. Apart from sports, Graham's academic career has been reasonably successful, passing with the minimum of effort, but still enjoying himself. During this past year everything has come to a head. He became a prefect, showing fairness all the time. Summing up his career; it was one constant party, with the occasional academic effort. Everyone will miss him, especially for his interest in baseball. Good luck in the future Graham, Appleby will "Miss You" (pun intended)!

CHRIS THOMPSON

In the five years "CT" has been at Appleby he has tried his hand in just about everything, and has been quite successful in just about everything. Included in his accomplishments are athletics, acting, operetta, sailing and debating. Academically, this gold Optimate club leader is constantly giving help to the rest of the Colley House grade 13 deck which he rules over as a prefect. It is very rare when Chris' name is not found near the top of any academic contest in which the school participates. Chris, a debating tie holder, was a very successful president of the debating society and built up one of the strongest junior teams the school has seen. In sports, Chris received his colours in football and was also a member of the first basketball and first rugby teams this year. Chris' exceptional acting abilities were brought to stage in 'Ten Little Indians', 'The Jockey Club Stakes', 'Dial 'M' for Murder' and the operetta 'H.M.S. Pinafore'. Chris has to be one of Appleby's busiest members. He can always be found taking charge and getting the school rolling in all kinds of activities. Chris' many talents should allow him to fit very successfully into university life, and we all wish him the very best.



JEFF WANNAMAKER

You've been there while he's playing. You know what it feels like. Like a smile from a good pal or a kiss from your girl, it makes you wonder that you ever worried, it stops time at a pleasant moment. You think; "Where did that come from, I've been there all the time. It just took the right person to find it. And he's still a young lad. He's not got where he's going yet. I hope he takes a long time to get there because you can tell he's enjoying it. You can see he's a young lad from the way he's pleased by just the day or a friendly remark, by his lack of distrust and his sociable spark. I've seen him, in unguarded moments, playing in the leaves, or doing his stage tricks for unappreciative audiences and later, when he makes it, you'll say; "He had it all along, it just took the right person to find him".

RICHARD WOOLLEY

Double "u", double "o", double "l", "e", "y" - "Woolley"! Pronounce this with an English accent and you have a jingle that is as legendary as that of the Rolaid's commercial. This time however, the advertisement is for Richard Woolley - humanist, poet and, in his last year, a Walker House Prefect. It is so hard to do justice to Richard's career at the College, a full seven years, in so short an article as this. It is safe to say, however, that he has always stood out from the crowd - "The Great Unwashed" - in all aspects of College life. A good student and a gifted writer, Richard has always played a prominent role in Appleby's cultural societies. In sports, he has played for many of the school's football and rugby teams. I remember Richard most, however for his fine sense of humour and his unique personality. Richard knows how to live, and moreover, he knows how to live well - as well as you can in the colonies, anyway. Although the respectful title of "Bwana" would have met with his approval, he never wanted to push the obvious superiority of the British people so far as to make the natives restless - in the dormitory particularly. Yes, Richard is, in fact, the last of a special breed of Appleby boy - and his departure from the school will be felt as a singular loss. We wish him the best of luck in his future artistic endeavours.



JIM COXON

In the dark, dark interior of Colley House, there is a room on a creaky, wooden-floored deck. In that room hides Jim Coxon. Why is Jim hiding? Some people would be quick to say that he is hiding because he is from Newfoundland. But if you ask me, I'd say he's hiding from his fans. His fans? you ask. Yes! his fans. Imbuc has lots of fans. The students are his fans because they've come to know and respect Jim as a friendly sort of guy. The coaches are Jim's fans because they marvel at Jim's athletic prowess. The teachers are big fans of Jim because they thrive on his schoolwork. And then there's his biggest fan -- Me! But he's hiding most of all from me because I want to interview him so I can write an Argus blurb on him. But Jim is the last person in the world who would want to tell me about himself. So really all that I've said is what I know to be true, not what I've been told. Best of Luck JUMBO.



BOB MAXWELL

Bob Maxwell must be one of the youngest graduates ever to leave Appleby, and this is definitely a tribute to his academic prowess. He arrived here at the age of 9, starting in grade four and skipping grade six. He is now graduating from grade 12 and entering the University of British Columbia, a scholastic accomplishment in itself. Behind the scenes, Bob was indispensable, helping at the dances and continuously fixing the many things that keep going wrong at Appleby. In the area of athletics Bob was not especially keen (although he tried), preferring to spend his time off the playing field and either in the Physics Lab or the Computer Room. Bob has been instrumental in the success of all computer-related activities at Appleby and he was personally responsible for the Electronics Club. His love for the sciences helped him achieve impressive results in those subjects, and his general scholastic proficiency enabled him to keep his marks high, which always placed him near the top of every class. We know Bob will have no trouble succeeding at U.B.C. and we wish him well.

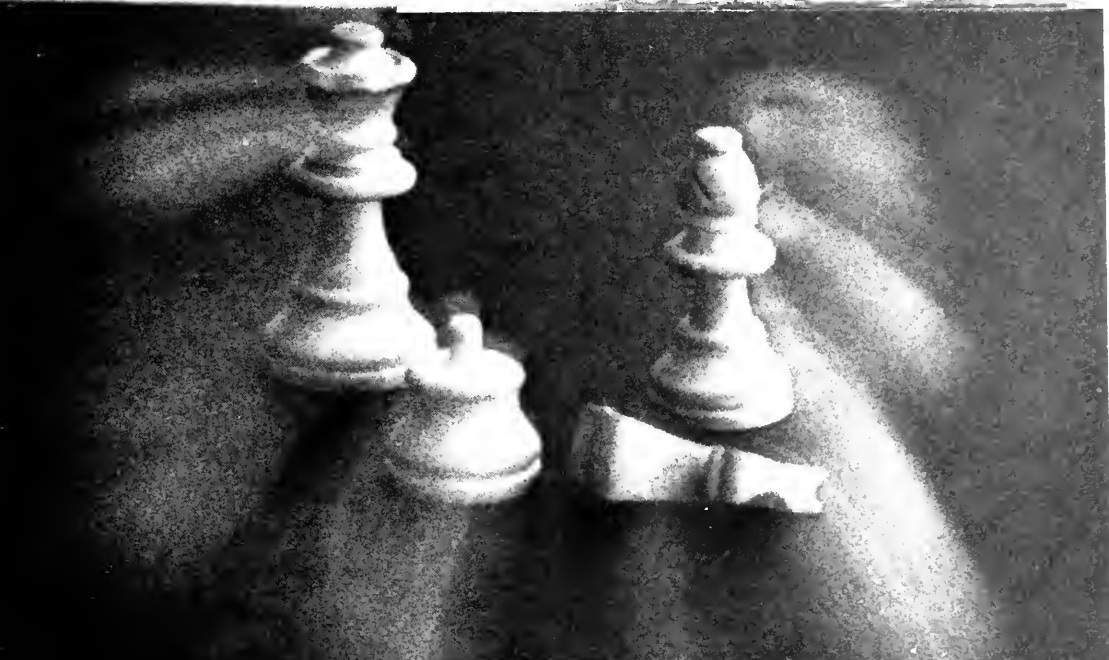
TIM PIKE

In a place called Michigan, there was one called Tim Pike. And in a place called Ontario, there was Appleby College. And at that time, it seemed clearer than crystal that things in general were settled forever. But then the two came together. And, in the manner of some powerful chemical reaction, the two bubbled and fizzed away. And then, almost unexpectedly, they separated, leaving each other both changed forever. Without a doubt, Tim caused a lot of fizz and bubble in his six years here. Whether he was crashing through the defense, smashing a squash ball, speeding up the wing, rugby ball in hand, doing his schoolwork, or getting himself into general mischief, Tim could be counted on to make people and things fizz and bubble. Some might write Tim off and have him walk into the sunset. But I would rather have him walk into a brilliant sunrise. Good-luck Tim. Good-luck World!



11E

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Johnson, Morgan, Mathieson, Follows, Neuman.
MIDDLE ROW: Ricketts, Krempulec, Dorion, Sustronk.
BACK ROW: Stewart, Hughes, Tasi, Scott, Baker, Hughes, Goddard, Pollock, Casey.



11AS

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Fife, Skinner, Corley, Roberts, Cockell.
BACK ROW: Moran, Mahfood, Marshall, Rockett, Standrett, Paletta, Lanning, Bethune, Gibson, Gomes, Da Re.



11AM

FRONT ROW: Left to Right: Baiz, Kay, Meredith.
MIDDLE ROW: Tan, Lam, Smith.
BACK ROW: Pritchard, Sambrook, McKenzie, Stott, Bunting, Hoppener, Cobham, McNair, Freeman, Tomicki.



10E

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Moffat, Dal Bianco, Du Toit, Follows.
MIDDLE ROW: Gordon, Haldane, Ross, Thompson, Ryan.
BACK ROW: Steffenhofer, Jobin, Bonfield, Fretwell, Lloyd, Samuel, Distelmeyer, Husebye, Ristic, Sutton.
ABSENT: Durdan, Hughes.



10AD

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Locke, Dineen, Hueton, Headley, Alton.
MIDDLE ROW: Kee, Henriques, Dejaray, Koenders, Bates, Graham.
BACK ROW: T. Johnson, M. Johnston, Kotulak, Kelly.



10AH

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Parker, Withey, O'Hearn, McBean, Merrill, Mull.
MIDDLE ROW: Yanoshita, Stalder, Bolt, Weisbaum, Trupke.
BACK ROW: Bailey, Manfould, Turnbull, Locke, Sopinka, Sequin, Piotrowski.





9E

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Wanklyn, Peacock, Ross, Steele, Bryant, Charron, Fournier, New.
BACK ROW: Volterra, Duncan, Allen, Peterson, Crawford-Brown, Mutimer, McCleary.

9AS

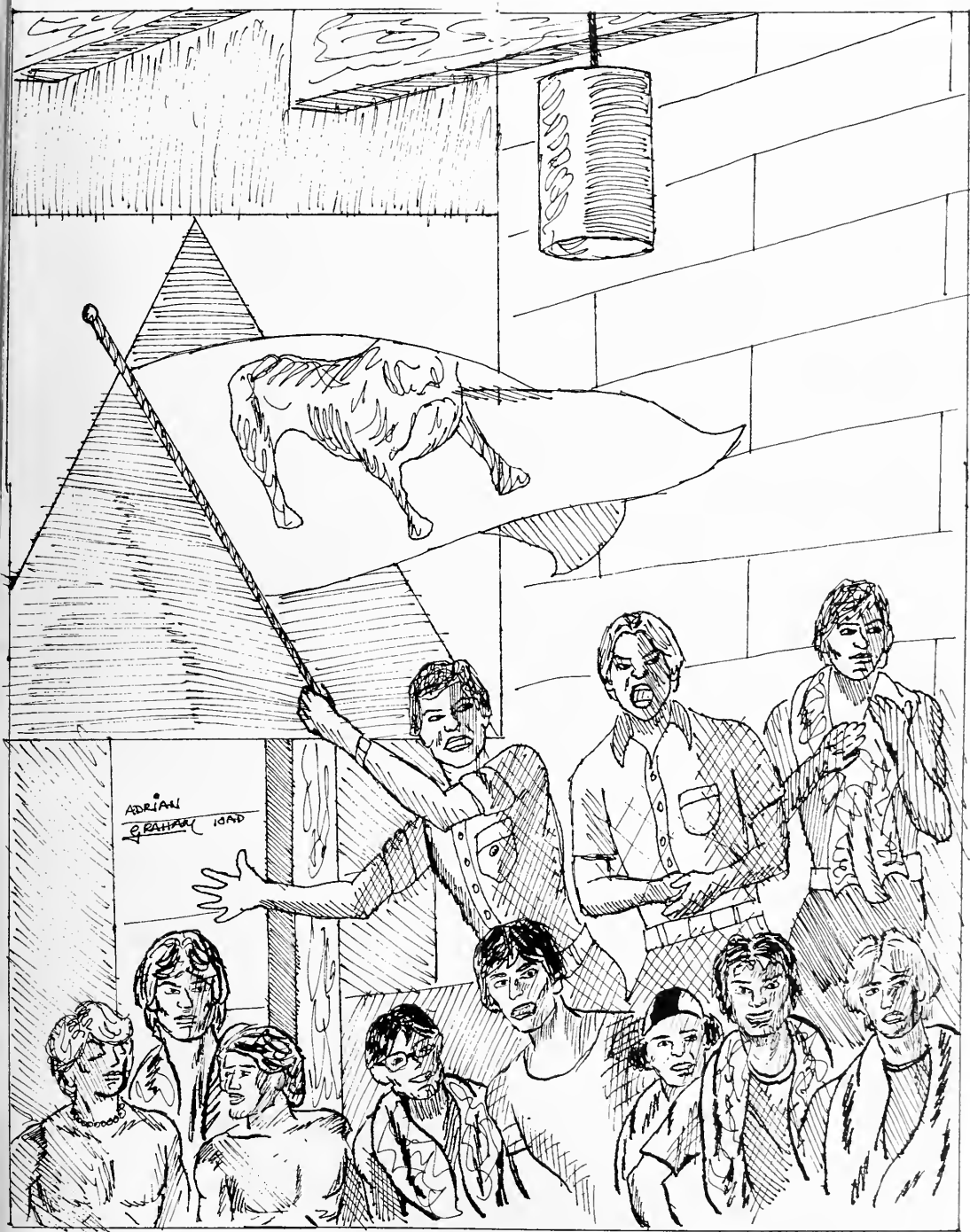
FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Strucken, Gregors, Plank, Rhan, King, Wilson, Johnson.
MIDDLE ROW: Baldwin, Dekort, Freeman, Guthrie, Appleby, Machan.
BACK ROW: Thomson, Richardson, McNab, Skudra.



9AW

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Richards, Headley, Munn, Taylor, Petine.
MIDDLE ROW: Young, Baker, Mann, Emery, Pritchard.
BACK ROW: Genereux, Senst, Benson, Gaudner, Chapman, Peer.









The last lads walk out through the stony gates to join the ghosts of Colley House. Reunited, they can grumble about the faulty wiring which caused lights to blink on and off like the gaudy neons of strip joints; they can complain about the paint which flaked from the walls and ceilings like skin from a leper; they can moan about the beds which left them sway-backed, the chairs gave them piles, the radiators which caused them to scream in frustration and despair when they were awakened at 3:00 A.M. by a sound like a train passing overhead; they can compare the degrees of innocence and sensitivity lost when as pink new boys they first experienced the stark shower-rooms and toilets.

But, like the words of an old song heard too often, these complaints become meaningless, fading instead into a vague sense of loss. For this year, and in years past, Colley House stood alone, by virtue of the people in it and especially by virtue of its great housemaster. Despite the living conditions, which no one notices after the first week anyway, the memories held are good ones - a tribute to all who lived in it. Thanks.

Graham Leggat



Powell's House

The task of keeping sixty boys, who are forced to live together, in good spirits, is a difficult one. In fact this goal would have been unreachable if it had not been for our housemaster's help and the co-operation of most of the house. In his first try at the job, Mr. Landry was extremely successful (and somewhat exhausted.) The House pulled through some difficult times, (images of a Clouseau-like figure prowling about come to mind) and likely emerged stronger for the experience.

Co-operation and high spirits were notable qualities of Powell's

House, for while we were not blessed with the best group of athletes, the strong support and participation we showed enabled us to win most inter-house events.

We had a good group of prefects this year with Bill Benson as head of house, and they all played a large role in our success. Thanks to Mrs. Landry, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and all who helped make this year one which we can remember happily. Good Luck in the future.

Mike Kent



Despite a succession of misadventures in the house this year, the majority of its inhabitants remained cheerful and co-operative, and, on the whole, we have a successful year.

It was perhaps unfortunate that the housemaster had to spend so much time chasing down elusive thieves at the expense of other more important duties; or that he had to cope with a new fire alarm system which reacted to everything from smoke, steam to west winds and probably barometric pressure. We had no need of formal fire drills, for we had informal ones on a regular basis! It is to be hoped that both major difficulties have by now been resolved - one possible solution might be for Neumann to adapt the fire system as a burglar alarm.

More seriously, however, I would like to address a few words to the boys returning in September. Living in such close quarters as we do requires a great deal of patience, understanding, and respect for others. While many exhibited these virtues, a few thoughtless and uncaring individuals tended to spoil things for everyone else. I encourage all of you to really make an effort in future to display kindness and tolerance to one another - only in this way can we build a truly united and happy community.

To all of you who pulled your weight and contributed so much, thank you for doing your share, and try next year to induce others to follow suit. It is not enough to behave properly, you must also encourage one another along these lines if you really care for this House and for your school. If this sounds too preachy, so be it; it is true nonetheless.

In closing, I would like to thank my wife for keeping me sane in our worst moments, the Smiths for their constant support, and Messers, Josselyn, O'Leary and Humphreys who contributed a great deal throughout the year. Thank you also to Mrs. Lyttle, Mrs. Kilgour and Mrs. Smith who managed to keep the house tidy despite insuperable odds in certain upper quarters.



A final word of thanks must be extended to the prefects: Bill Benson, Don Green, Bill King, Graham Stuart and Jeff Wanamaker. These five fellows kept their cool and hung in there when the going got tough - few can

really appreciate the job they had to do, but I wish them well on behalf of all of Powell's House.

Mr. Landry



Walker House

When writing a house report, they tell me, you look at the good things. Those aspects of the school, the house and the people that somehow are always taken for granted; always overlooked when things go wrong.

There have been many good things about this year in Walker House. Sure we have had our fair share of victories - Interhouse baseball, hockey and tug-of-war. But the incidents that stick in my mind are not so easy to define. They involve intangible things like memories, friendships and human behaviour.

Take the dormitory for example. I recall the first few days of the year, the talk before lights out; "Do they tell your parents when you get a Defaulter? ..." The time just before Christmas when the bells didn't work and they all attacked me when I tried to wake them up.

At this point the rest of the house seems to pass in a kaleidoscope of memories. Censuring pictures on the top deck, the Lakefield trip with Chuck, Paul and Sandy, looking for "the Kid" thirty minutes after lights out, telling messrs. Burke and Bundschuh

to turn down their stereo.

Things begin to slow down and come to a halt though, when I think of the Main Deck. My peers have made this year one to remember. They are a great bunch of guys; Pete, C.T.F., R.D.B., Burny, Schultz, Milo, D.P., Brian Brian, Salvatore and Mork. I look forward to frequent reunions. There are also special memories of Big Daddy, Stroke, and Richard: fellow prefects who were constant sources of inspiration and friendship.

To Mr. Richardson and Mr. Snowden I extend my thanks for their leadership, help and understanding and my best wishes for next year.

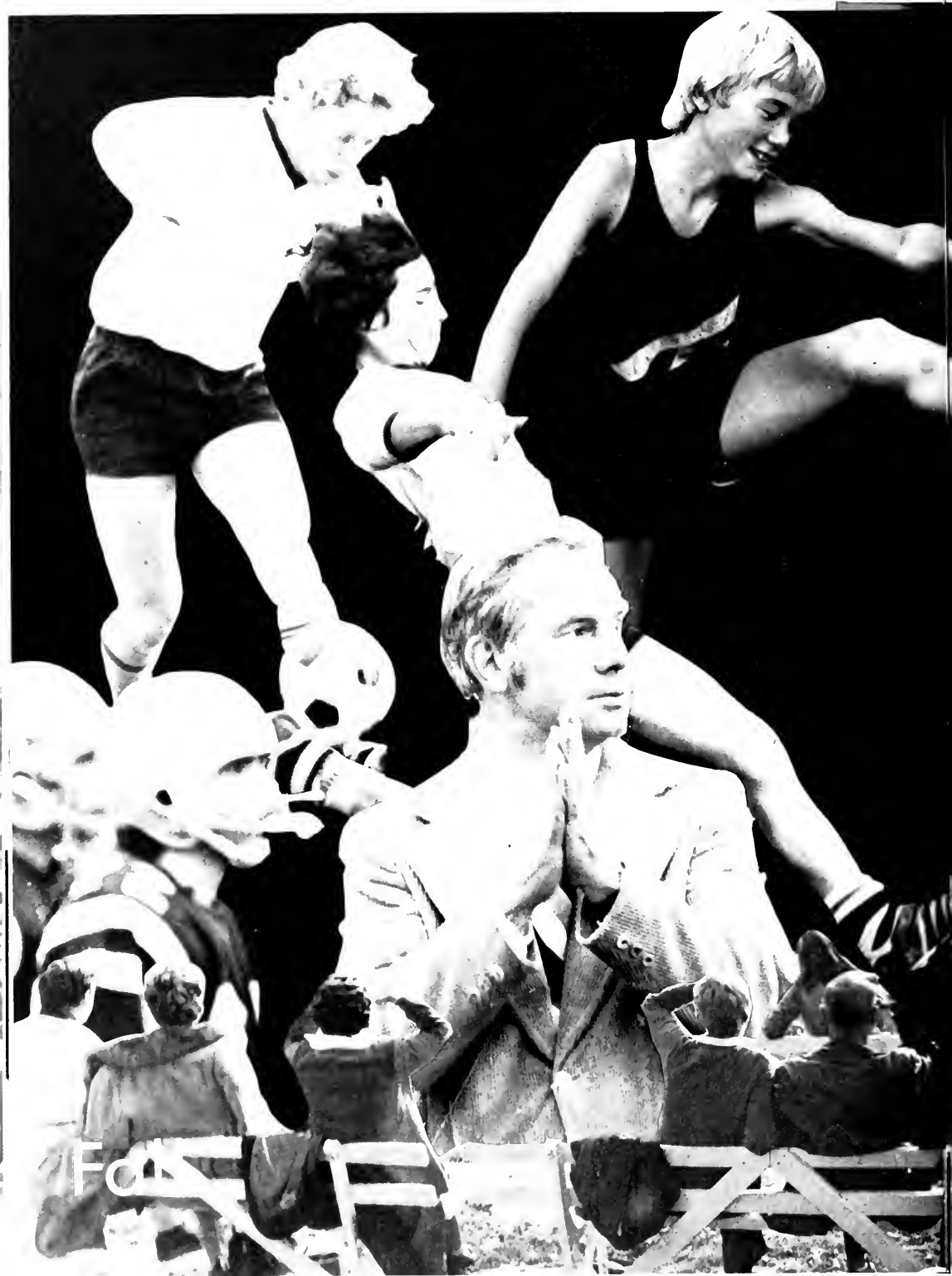
Martin Baggeley







SPORTS





FRONT ROW: Thompson, Logan, Leggat, Green I, Green II, Pike, Keates.
 SECOND ROW: Gardner, Sell, Hickling, Wannamaker, Stark, Stoneham, Lua, Bruce.
 THIRD ROW: Myers, Habner, Bethune, Manifold I, MacDonald, Carotto, Wood, Wright, Paletta.
 FOURTH ROW: Casey, Da Re, Hayward, Lanning, McKenzie, Skinner, Stevenson, McBride, Harmer.
 FIFTH ROW: Mr. Larsen, Forsyth, Bunting, Baker I, Benson I, Lewis, Pollock, Mr. Smith, Mr. Abbott.

First Football

The Ballad of First Football '73

Back in September
 (a long time ago)
 the first football team
 was ready to go

although the bus ride
 was really quite long
 the team was flying
 from clapping and song

so when Trinity
 came onto the field
 we swore in our hearts
 no points would we yield

the first half went well
 we played "real good"
 and the scoreboard showed
 that scoreless we stood

but injuries cost
 and turnovers too
 before we knew it
 right past us they blew

despite all the blood
 shed, all the tears shed
 thirteen to nothing
 the score simply said

the team was just about
 bounced back in a flash
 and swore that next game
 some blood we'd mash

so in U.C.C.
 we journeyed next game
 vowing to break some
 and leave the rest lame

the opening kick
 Don Green ran right back
 looking unstoppable
 as trains on a track

he blew through their team
 with great speed and flair
 U.C.C. players
 were left grasping air

the rest of the game
 we didn't do as well
 U.C.C. ringers
 sounded our death-knell

no mention was there
 of old debts we'd paid
 instead all our backs
 with cruel tongues were flayed

"Sixteen to your ten?
 you guys must be crap
 I score more than that
 flat on my back"

"U.C.C. beat you?
 you guys must be sad
 deaf dumb and blind tears
 aren't nearly as bad"

so we sucked it in
 and said not a word
 though all through the week
 snide comments were heard

when Saturday came
 (the big day arrives!)
 the school was buzzing
 like ten thousand hives

then right after lunch
 the school was cleared out
 (it missed more ice cream
 and boy did it pout)

then from the grass square
 loud voices rang clear
 "we eat whole people
 and we have no fear"

"who are these roustars
 no, wait, I can guess
 the first football team,
 trying hard to impress"

the noise was quite loud
 the spirit was great
 but it was our team
 who that day got ate

they beat us
 and we lost
 the game
 and the great
 team

the good job by D
didn't get to their head
"you guys got blown out"
was all that was said

"Forty to seven?
is that all they scored?
you sure were lucky
they didn't get more"

now we'd had enough
and were getting down
Digger wrangled, D.A.
raged. (Bob wore a frown)

By various means
they got us in shape
Vince, he had plenty
of whip cuts to tape

Friday night's practice
was as dead as dust
so in our game spirit
we placed all our trust

In the first series
grabbed the school flag
but then a penalty
proved to be a drag

and this was the case
through most of the game
our careless tactics
put us all to shame

at last the "O" scored
a nice T-D run
but Ridley rolled back
and so saw us one

then they raised us one
and laughed at our cards
our Ace of Diamonds
was lying in shards

but shards still can cut
as soon they found out
soon it was us not
them leading the rout

Ray passed then to his death
on two major drives
soon they were fighting
for their lives

it was only by
the skin on their teeth
that it all came out
with us underneath

the time was near ripe
for the team to leaven
having lost to them
thirty-five - thirty-seven

we finally thought
the team was on track
this was the Biggee
and no looking back

we ignored the razz
and honed our fine edge
and advised the meek
their bets not to hedge

this was to be it
we swore with our hearts
to break "Green Machine"
and trample the parts

but we were too late
someone got there first
eighteen was all they had
to slake our thirst

we rolled over them
with skill and finesse
(Stroke left many faces
looking quite a mess)

Yes we won at last
saved a bit of face
First Football won seven eight
not a total disgrace

now the season's gone
easily forgotten
please remember this
we weren't the bottom

we thought we'd live on
lettes on the wall
we last as long as
the chalk on the ball

Don, Dave, Stoke and Cliff,
G, Chris, Jeff, Rick, Hubs,
Bill, Tex, Don and Whale
they think that we're clubs

but we know the truth
we won't let them in
you shouldn't say a word
until out there you've been.

we'd like to thank all those of you
who made it a bit more easy.
There'll be no more moaning at the bar
when this small ship puts out to C.

Graham Leggat





U-16 Football

Undefeated



FRONT ROW: Manifold II, Sopinka, Pritchard I, Locke, Withey, Cobham, Morgan, Stott, Wilson.
 SECOND ROW: Wildman, Roberts, Smith I, Bates, Moffat, Cockell, Mull, Pollock II, Alton.
 THIRD ROW: McBean, Seguin, Turnbull, Scott, Hughes III, O'Hearn, Dejaray, Dineen, Jobin.
 FOURTH ROW: Mr. Snowden, Locke, Lloyd, Mr. Singer, Tasi, Husebye.



The scene is that of the last game in the season. Appleby versus Hillfield. Everyone knew in his mind Hillfield was out to win because they had nothing to lose. Eight and one would not be a pretty statistic for us. In the first quarter offence was not getting up the field. Then defense got the ball back for us again. We knew we had to do something now or regret it later. We made yards painfully, but we made them. Before we knew it we had a touchdown, then another, and then another. They came in succession. We were hot! Defence were holding them back with such determination Hillfield became frustrated.

The final whistle went. I stood around dismayed, then it hit me, we did it. We were undefeated. I jumped up in the air and yelled. I then went to congratulate my team mates and friends. In that crowd of blue uniformed football player there was one thing in everyone's mind, the feeling of a "natural high." Everyone had a smile on his face and yelling victorious yells because they knew that each person contributed to that statistic 9-0.

No one outside of that football club knew what it was to achieve that natural high. Through blood,



sweat and tears, we did it!

The end of that game summed up our season. Who would have thought on that sunny afternoon in September that we would go undefeated.

I would like to thank the coaches Dave Singer of defense and Bob Snowden of offense for that one chance in our life to be winners. I believe their high at that game was as big as ours.

The Defence was led by Mark Cobham, an example to all, who'd rather go through 'em then around them. He was backed up by the smallest members of the team, Rob DalBianco, Dave Roberts, and Craig (Too Tall) Mull, who proved that height had nothing to do with making the other player eat his own dust. The tackle masters "Buck", Pat Bates and Gordie Moffat. Then there were Hal Turnbull and Jeff Locke who liked eating quarterbacks as a snack during the game. Keith Stott and Eric Morgan, whose manners would scare away a herd of charging rhinos, not to mention half backs. Alton and Tom Husebye who refused to let any sweep, sweep by. Not to mention Mike Lloyd (who would look at the moon at times of no excitement) and Hunter

Wilson who collected quarterbacks for their fireplace mantles. The two safeties J.B. Dineen and Mike De Jaray who covered so well the receivers thought their shadows were becoming three dimensional. Finally there was the rookie Jobin who was a late trade. Not to forget Steve Cockell who was best described by Mr. Singer in his poem IN PRAISE OF THE NO NAME DEFENCE, "And Cockell whose status was influenced by Satis" quote. Unquote.

The Offense was lead by Rich Withey whose skill and mental ability would even impress Fran Tarkenton. Behind him was the powerhouse of Randy Sopinka (full-back) who opened gigantic holes in the middle not to mention his amazing touchdown catch. Doug Locke had determination and moves would impress O.J. Simpson. John Prichord's running power would impress Earl Campbell. At one point I remember John running with half the team on him. To help the backs there was the offensive line, Will Segun, Mark Manifould, Dave Tasi (who was injured in the middle of the season), Keith Stott and Mark Cobham, Dave Pollock and Pat Bates would replace in times of

trouble. The amazing thing about Dave Pollock was that he was so geared up he usually forgot the count the ball would come up so we made sure he remembered. Mark Manifould was the only kicker in the league who managed a spiral from a kicking tee. The split end, Chris Wildman alias Golden Richards, was most of the time dependable on the dreaded flea-flicker. Jeff Hughes the primary receiver made some spectacular catches. The tight end is best described by Rich Withey, "Kyle O'Hearn proved to be an excellent blocker for the backs but also was the key factor in the last game against Hillfield, catching four passes, three of which were touchdowns!" The team gives best wishes for our manager, John McBean, which without his efforts we could not achieve our goal!

Kyle O'Hearn



U-15 Football

The team this year was not brilliant, but hard work and a lot of team spirit led us to five wins and four losses.

It was quite a sight seeing the expression on Mr. Manbert's and Mr. Landry's faces when only twenty-three players turned out for the first day of practice. Anyhow, we did manage to set up a team for our first game against Ridley, although a few players had to go both ways.

Being the first football game for most of the guys, we were very edgy but got off on the right foot, with a single. From there on in we were thoroughly beaten by the older, more experienced players from Ridley, and ended up losing the game 20-1. As was expected, poor blocking, disorganization and weak tackling led to our downfall. The following Saturday pitted us against T.C.S. We got off to a good start with Peter Senst scoring our first touchdown of the year on our first play from scrimmage on the old razzle-dazzle. T.C.S. followed up with a 60 yard sweep around the end for a touchdown but from there on we dominated the play and ended up winning 20-6, even though four T.D.'s were called back because of penalties.



FRONT ROW: Peer, Plank, Mann, King, Petersen, Freeman 2, Hughes.
MIDDLE ROW: Maier, Rahn, Baker, DeKort, Senst, Appleby, Charron, Pritchard, Mr. Manbert.
BACK ROW: Mr. Landry, McNab, Benson, Guthrie, Young, Duncan, Crawford-Brown, Machan.

In Lakefield we learned how they chose the school name. Most of the field was under four inches of water and as we expected there were many fumbles. In fact, we fumbled the ball on our first four plays, but recovered each one. Nevertheless, we did play a strong game, losing 12-0 mainly because each Lakefield player weighed about thirty pounds more than we did.

As the season progressed it was quite evident that the team was improving substantially. Led by half-backs Mark Freeman and Steve

Mann, flanker Chris King, and the excellent play of Jeremy Hughes on defence, the whole team took the initiative and gave their best, winning the last four of five games.

The highlight of our whole season though, was our eighth game, against Ridley. Ridley, up to this point, was 7-0 and was looking forward to having an undefeated season. The two previous encounters were won by Ridley, with 20-1 and 26-15 margins, and we really wanted to win this one. As the outcome showed, our spirit won us



the game.

The first quarter was tough defensive battle with neither team putting any points on the board.

Then the break came. On a simple "Petersen to Freeman" handoff to the middle, Freeman evaded two or three tackles, and broke away for a sixty yard romp, making the score 6-0. The extra point was blocked and this score remained at half-time. A real pep-talk from Coach Manbert led us back onto the field determined to win. The score remained the same for the rest of the game, and the climax came when Hughes made a diving tackle to save the game for us.

We ended up the season by thoroughly trouncing T.C.S. 69-6, with Mann getting five touchdowns. Other highlights of the season were: Chris King scoring a touchdown for Tracey, our famous "No-Name" defence gracing the scene from time to time, and, watching the look of disgust on Mr. Landry's face in practice when a few members of the defensive squad kept dropping perfect forty-yard long bombs.

Anyway, it was a fun and satisfying season and thanks must go to Mr. Landry and Mr. Manbert for their excellent coaching.

Steve Petersen



First Soccer



BACK ROW: Mr. Larsen, Chin, Mathieson, Boyle, Burke, Ryan, Bailey, Mr. Revill.
FRONT ROW: Campbell, Henriques, Pollen, Richards, Day, Follows II, Washington.

Being as skillful as any of our opponents, the only handicap our team played with was lack of experience. Having only a few veterans, we were a young team which will no doubt prove beneficial for the near future.

Into the season we plunged, looking ahead optimistically for foolhardy challengers. "Foolhardy" being an appropriate word, for not a team played us without feeling the malicious cleats of center halfback Jamie Mathieson. The season began.

The tournament was at the start of the season and held at Upper Canada. Once again Appleby was well represented. Dissatisfied with leaving U.C.C. without the cup held aloft, the first eleven retired to the swamp to begin some serious training. Not alone in their efforts, two rookies four hundred miles to the north were running laps on Rabbitnose Island.

Occasionally lending a hand in the coaching effort was a

distinguished Mr. Jeffrey Stevens who taught us many of the finer points of soccer. Unfortunately, he had no way of knowing what we really needed help on was our kicking. Time and time again we proved that it is not impossible to kick a soccer ball over the net from two feet in front.

We also discovered how well soccer balls float. Fortunately ever alert Joey Ryan set out in the canoes with Dave Burke, paddling with sticks, and was able to apprehend the Buffalo-bound runaway. This incredible pressure thinking proved to be a great asset as Joey kept many attacking balls from our net.

Even when mistakes were made all was not lost for we had reliable Jamie Washington in the goal throwing himself at everything from soccer balls to unfriendly forwards. Combined with the efforts of our defensive line we allowed only 13 goals against us.

Defensive errors and silly mistakes cost us games against

Crescent, Upper Canada, and Ridley. Perhaps our best game of the season came against S.A.C. The team played extremely well and controlled the game right from the beginning, only to lose a heart stopped in the dying minutes of the game. Experience seems to be the factor.

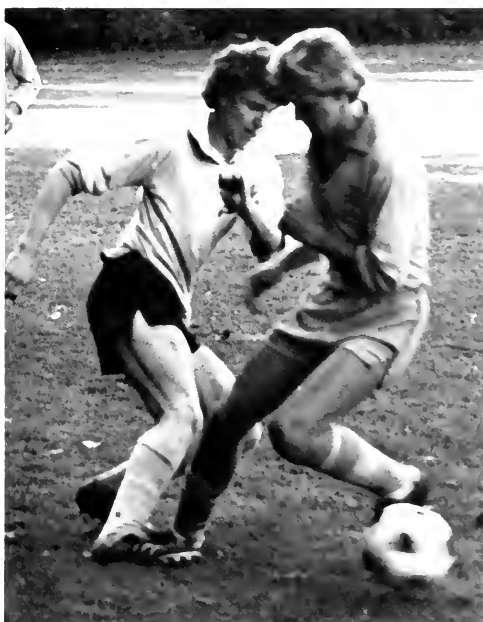


Offensively we were second to none in controlling the ball, however filling the net was a whole new problem. Luck seemed to dislike us intensely as we tended to pass to each other off the opponents crossbar.

Very capable of putting it in when we most needed it was Nigel Day. Captain Colin Richards, John Pollen and Jay Bailey, our forwards worried many opposing goal tenders, and any birds that happened to be flying too near the nets, as well.

Finally mention must be made to the unsung heroes of the middle field. Peter Boyle, Jamie Mathieson, and Peter Follows were reliable throughout the season and major factors in the demoralization of Lakefield. It was a fun year and things certainly look good for the future.

Peter Follows



The second soccer team this year, was a team of determination and spirit. We had the best season since the start of the team back in 1975. We won five games and lost four. Although these statistics of wins and losses don't look impressive, the actual games were impressive.

At the start of the season, the second team had the reputation of winning only one game in the past two years. But this year every person on the field wanted to change that, and did. With one hundred percent effort given by everyone, we won our opening match against U.C.C., 4-3. This first game showed promise of a good season.

At the forward positions we had Toby Follows, Steve Fife, Dwight Waters, and Peter Meredith. Small in size they may have been, but our forwards had the skill and drive of a much larger front four.

The halfbacks played good "heads up" ball all season. Fairly fast, and very mobile, they constantly fed the ball up to the strikers. Roger Cole, Bart Sambrook, Paul Sustronk and Michael Appleby shared these duties. Several times our halfbacks proved their worth in defensive play as well as offensive. As well as serving this dual purpose, they instilled confidence in our goalie, Gord Richards, who could be heard saying "phew" more than once!

Our fullbacks seemed to be the guys with the biggest kicks. One case in particular was "shot-gun".



FRONT ROW: Mr. Day, Henriques II, Follows I, Meredith, Durst.
SECOND ROW: Waters, Sambrook, Appleby I, Reid, Baggaley, Fife, Tan.
THIRD ROW: Richards I, Holland, Samuel, Hueton, Goddard, Distelmeyer, Anderson, Hop-pener, Sustronk.

2nd Soccer

Always willing to throw their bodies, legs, knees, ankles and sometimes heads, into the ball, the backs constantly kept the play out of our end. Several times, good plays by the backs helped boost the spirits of the coach and the rest of the team. The fullbacks consisted of Iain Hueton, David Holland, Fred "Shotgun" Reid, and Martin Baggaley, Captain.

Finally, on behalf of the second soccer team, I would like to thank Mr. Day for his coaching, refereeing and endless perseverance to turn us into soccer players. His constant shouts of "Come to it!" or "Get your head on it!" made us all try a little harder. Thanks for an enjoyable season.



U-15 Soccer

At the start of the fall term, the under 15 squad looked like a large group of individuals - some with big boots, some with deking skills and some with the ability to put the ball in the goal.

After several weeks of practice, we still weren't clicking, making game-losing mistakes and just not grasping the idea of teamwork. It was at this point that we went to the Under 15 Soccer Tournament at Ridley. With the help of some Junior School boys, we easily made it to the finals where we wearily lost to Hillfield. This was the turning point.

In the following practices, Mr. Washington again made a concerted effort to mold us into a team. After some hard work, it was evident that it was working. We defeated U.C.C. who had tied us earlier in the season, and beat T.C.S. and Hillfield. In a final match against an aggressive S.A.C. side, we came from behind three times to finally beat them 3-2.



FRONT ROW: Gordon, Bryant, Allen, Richards II, Fournier.
SECOND ROW: Strucken, Du Toit, Yanoshita, Volterra, Ross II.
THIRD ROW: Chapman, McCleary, Richardson, Gregory, Fretwell, Thompson III.

Special thanks must be given to Mr. Washington whose optimistic attitude and usually calm instructions led us to a very successful season.

Adam Gordon





This year, no long standing traditions were actually broken nor did the school achieve any out-right victories but there are definite signs that this may be beginning to change. Although cross-country running is still losing out to the more glamorous football at the intermediate and senior levels, the under-fifteen team achieved fourth position in the very tough Brock Invitational meet with two runners finishing in the top 10 - an all time high.

In the Senior ISAA Championships the Appleby Under-15 team won their division and the school finished third overall. Their good results earned an announcement at lunch which is quite the achievement for Cross-Country.

A new event on the calendar this year was a large meet at Downsview against Toronto schools. Appleby's finishing position was hardly memorable but the meet provided valuable individual experience.

The monotony of training runs between Appleby and Cornation Park has been relieved by practice in different terrain at Bronte Provincial Park, Rattlesnake Point and McMaster University. This all

helped to maintain the enthusiasm and dedication of Kent, Newell, Linton and O'Driscoll of the seniors, Johnson, Stuart, Corley and Merrill of the intermediates and Ross, Wanklyn, Genereux as well as help from Bronson (Junior School) of the juniors.

The team has a long way to go in order to reach perfection but it was

only a couple of years ago that the team didn't even have a coach.

Andrew Ross









First Hockey

Our poor performance in the I.S.A.A. was the result of a couple of factors which plagued the team all season long. These factors were inconsistency and lack of mental preparation.

In fact, the whole league was characterized by inconsistency and during any game just about anything could happen. This was demonstrated in an excellent game played on a Friday night in Buffalo. Nichols, a school which has gained a great deal of respect in the league, tied us 4-4. We jumped out to an early lead but soon lost it. Nichols went up 3-2 at the end of the second period. At this point Coach Abbott decided it was time to straighten us out once again. We came out for the third period like it was a championship game. Everybody put forth a super effort and it paid off as we went up 4-3. With only 43 seconds remaining, a Nichols defenceman took the puck and carried it right past the whole team and scored. It was definitely our best performance of the season as Nichols went on to beat U.C.C. who beat us 7-0, and S.A.C. who beat us 8-1.

On another occasion, Ridley was paying us a visit on a Wednesday afternoon. We were ahead 4-1 at one point but Ridley fought back to tie it up. We finally scored and eventually won the game 5-4.



FRONT ROW: Beckett, Green, Keates, Stuart, Lewis.
SECOND ROW: Moran, Bunting, MacDonald, Day, Wright, Shafran, Coxon, Merrill
BACK ROW: Mr. Larsen, Ryan, Bates, McBride, Locke, Washington, Mr. Abbott.

However, on the return trip to Ridley two weeks later we got bombed 6-1 - they outthusted us and outplayed us completely.

Although we did not have a super season, a great deal can be learned from our mistakes. We had a very young team and since we are only losing three players, the future looks bright.

I must thank Mr. Abbott myself and on behalf of the team for put-

ting up with us and trying to help us when anybody else would have felt like throwing in the towel. He showed great strength of character and knew how to deal with us individually.

Thank you for your time and effort in a somewhat frustrating season!

Neil Shafran



High School League

At the beginning of this year's hockey season, many of the players felt that it would be a year of rebuilding. Many had graduated and there were holes to fill at

defense, forward and goalie. Since there were no new "hopefuls" in camp, it was obvious that Mr. Abbott had a lot of work to do; for with only eight veterans on the team, the numerous rookies had a lot of learning to do.

But, work Mr. Abbott did and he had us ready for our season opener against Blakelock, last

year's champions. We lost a tough decision 3-2, and for our first game that wasn't bad. The defense was a little shaky and the forwards still needed time to learn each other's movements. On the whole though, it looked promising.

The Halton League gave our rookies some much needed experience and after two opening losses



we settled down and remained unbeaten in five games. We finished third in the overall standings, which incidentally is better than last year. We ended up playing Lord Elgin in the playoffs, whom we had beaten both times during the season. They were known for their chippiness and having experienced it three days before when we beat them 6-2, we were prepared for a busy afternoon. But, they came out with an attitude of hustling and staying out of the penalty box and they ended our hopes of playing Oakville Trafalgar High School in the semi-finals with a 2-0 victory.

It was a season of ups and downs, for when we seemed to have it all together on a certain day, we looked very strong. But, the bad days came at the wrong times and our season proved shorter than we felt it should have been.

Mark Bunting led our team in the scoring department with Graham Stuart, Don Green and Dave Keates following up. Neil Shafran deserves mention for his strong and steady play at the blue line as well as his big lead in the defense point total.

Special mention should also go to our coach, who has probably gone through one of his most frustrating seasons as a hockey coach. All season long he put up with our mistakes, always coming up with different drills which would correct the things we did wrong in the games.

We'd love to buy him a present, to show our appreciation, but it seems the only thing he wants is a goalie: can anyone help him out there?

Glenn Wright





FRONT ROW: Cockell, Ricketts, T. Follows, Myers, P. Follows, Freeman, Dejaray.
 SECOND ROW: Kotulak, Henriques, Moffat, Hickling, Fife, Headley, Cobham, Mann.
 BACK ROW: Mr. Manbert, Morgan, McNair, Stark, McKenzie, Sustronk, Peer.

Second Hockey

Well, what can we say, but thank you for one of the most memorable and exciting seasons we have ever had. The team was a real team, lead by our illustrious coach, Mr. Manbert (alias Tikhonov). The players on the team were tremendous the way they hustled and worked throughout the season. It was due to the effort by the players, and the dedication of our coach that we created such a strong bond between us. Even the away games like the one at U.C.C. where we unfortunately lost, was fun! After dinner we were all ready to play again and thoroughly trounce T.C.S. That alone says a great deal for the squad.

By the end of the year the team had compiled quite a record finishing 2nd in ISAA with an impressive record of 16 wins, 6 losses, and 1 tie despite our smaller size in comparison with the other schools.

Wherever we went schools thought we'd be a push over because of our size but when the horn sounded at the end of the game, there was no question who was better - we were! - with the exception of 3 out of 6 games lost. The team was rarely "Chippy" and rarely did we hear a critical word spoken between players.

Perhaps the most exciting game of our season, and what truly molded our team was the game against Ridley College School. Just two games earlier we had lost a heartstopper to their style of thug-hockey. They were a "Big" physically hard hitting team but we knew we could beat them. Before the game the players were fired up to the point where some may have exploded had the game not started. We completely demolished Ridley, we had them running around in circles and at one point we were beating them 10-4 - what a killing!

But we finished the game 10-6. Never before have we seen Coach Manbert so happy as well as the team. The change room was bubbling over as John Myers led an offensive against the whole Ridley squad armed with cream covered cupcakes however with the help of the team we were able to subdue him from his excitement until dinner time.

One of the strongest points to our team play was our tremendously "dangerous", in fact lethal forwards. The red line was known to all as Commie Connection, because of their Russian style of play. They mercilessly slaughtered many a goal tender. Pete Follows, the teams leading scorer was always dangerous and a highly skilled player, with an uncanny ability to create mind-boggling plays. Chuck McNair, who was the strong shooter of the line was always a threat in front of the net



and made some remarkable plays. The left winger, Gord Moffat, was fast and completely unafraid of anything. Many times came when he zoomed into the corner and returned leaving some poor guy from the opposition with a headache. The yellow line, known as the F & M flyers, were punishing with "Big" Don Freeman centering. Don was amazing, how he could deak out the entire opposition and then slam the puck in the net. The yellow line was very strong and powerful making some terrific plays between them. Eric Morgan was always prevelent where the puck was and was always a hard working, strong asset to the line. John Myers (Flex) never ceased to amaze people with the awesome power he could fire a shot. The Blue line, known as the Blues Brothers, was very fast, and always ready for action. Led by centerman Carl Headly, who was very fast, and

winged by Rick Hickling and Sandy McKenzie, they formed a strong, attacking group. This line made many rushes that left the opponents standing watching as they put the puck past the bewildered goaltender.

Our defensive strength this season was probably one of the strongest in the ISAA, led by the Iron Curtain. The Iron Curtain, led by Toby Follows with Paul Sustrunk, was probably one of the finest pairs of defensemen in the league. What can I say about Toby Follows, he was one of the diminutive players of the squad. He amazed everyone with his sudden speed and crushing hip checks which sent the opponents head over heels. Paul Sustrunk, our rookie defensemen, had more deceptive moves than John Travolta, many times he even amazed himself. Chris Ricketts, our aging vet, and Steve Mann

made up our other defensive pair, adding a new dimension to our style of hockey.

Our goaltending this year was a joint effort shared by Steve Cockell Mike Dejarey. Steve Cockell, as instructed by Coach Tikhonov will attend "Vic Tanny's" on a regular basis next season. However his goaltending this season was extremely good for the most part. Mike, although he didn't play as much as Steve played well when he did.

On behalf of the team, Thanks Coach Manbert for a great season.

Toby Follows, John Myers



FRONT ROW: J. Hughes, Fournier, Sopinka, Charron, Weisbaum, Bolt, Bryant, Guthrie.
BACK ROW: Bailey, Freeman, Steifenhofer, Stalder, Jobin, Turnbull, Husebye, Petersen, Lockie, Mr. Snowden.

Third Team Hockey

The Third Hockey Team this year had a tough season as we were hampered by injuries throughout the season. Although the season was not a winning one, the general feeling of the team was one of a successful season.

Even when we were behind we stuck together and never gave the game up without a rigorous fight. The team improved immensely with the help of Mr. Snowden's calm suggestions from the bench. Throughout the season our for-

wards played steadily. Though they missed several golden opportunities, they usually capitalized on good scoring chances. These men of action were J.B. Dineen, the "wild Jamaican" J. Bailey, and Jeff Locke.



The defencemen had size to offer and Jeff Hughes, Tom Husebye, Rich Jobin, Randy Sopinka, Scott Guthrie and Steve Petersen hit hard all season. This defence proved to be quite strong but they had to be reminded that hitting doesn't win hockey games.

The goaltending was fairly

steady, considering that much of the time it was a shooting gallery and our three goalies (D. Bryant, S. Weisbaum, J. Charron) played well.

These are the people on the ice, but what about our mild-mannered, rational coach behind the bench, the guy who put up

with our mistakes without flinching. When someone did make a mistake he would quietly take them aside and tell them not to do it again. During the season we had our ups and downs but overall it was a fun season. Thanks guys.

Randy Sopinka

First Basketball



FRONT ROW: Boyle, Casey, Leggat, Pritchard, Goddard.
BACK ROW: Mr. Larsen, Ho, Wood, Thompson, Da Re, O'Driscoll.

The 78-79 basketball season was the sort of season that makes your insides clench when you think about it; the sort that makes you want to shout obscenities and then scrawl them on the wall; that makes you want to throw basketballs through the dining hall windows. It was very frustrating.

At the start of the season, with fresh young players and equally fresh new warm-ups, the potential for success was great. The results and performances in the first few games bore this out. Against U.C.C., S.A.C. and especially St. Georges, the team played with boundless energy and desire. It seemed that with a little maturation and concentration, the team could have gone on to play brilliant basketball.

It was that early, that the screw of frustration was first turned and it continued to be turned tighter and tighter until the end of the season. Fatigue, injury, illness, Northward Bound, the shock of losing Mr. Martin, the further



shock of losing Bob Hamilton and the inability to adjust to the methods of Frank Kinder all combined to change what had been a sharp and enthusiastic side into a generally ineffective one.

It was a disappointing and frustrating season. It was so not because we lost, but because we could have won. And especially because the younger players did not have the chance to develop fully as they might have done in better circumstances. That was the real disappointment.

My only hope for next year is that the remaining players retain the vitality, enthusiasm and enjoyment of the game that made the first few matches so euphonic for me and that they can be given better opportunities to develop into the super players I think they potentially could be.

Thanks and best wishes to Jeffy, Pritch, Ray, J.D., Niall, Slicker, Chris, Sneaky Pete, Peter Ho and the coach for grinning and bearing it.



U/16 - U/15 Basketball



FRONT ROW: Taylor, Headley, Kee, Baker, Mutimer.
MIDDLE ROW: Durdan, Sequin, Wildman, Allen, Duncan, Smith, Mr. Richardson.
BACK ROW: Piotrowski, Distelmeyer, Tasi, Manifould.

As another basketball season came to an end our U16 team proved not to be victorious, with 5 wins and 10 losses. However we greatly improved our skills in dribbling and shooting, thanks to the patience and coaching of Mr. Richardson. The experience has been well worthwhile as the team members look ahead to the years to come at the 1st team level.

Throughout the season the team played consistently in tight situations with our guards Dave Mutimer, Louis Headly, Mark Duncan, Kevin Thomson, James Kee and Stewart Taylor doing their best to bring the ball up the floor to the forwards Mark Manifould, Captain; Dave Tasi, Steve Allen, Chris Wildman, Will Sequin, Kyle O'Hearn, Dave Durdan - and centres Dave Piotrowski, and Dave Distelmeyer, Asst. Captain; who worked hard to get the basketball in the hoop, but did not always succeed.

A few games were narrowly lost due to poor foul shooting, but when we gave 100% effort we were able to keep up with the best teams in the league. Examples of this effort and determination were games played against Ridley and U.C.C. in which we came from behind to win. The most unfortunate accident of the season happened to one of our key players, Dave Durdan, who chipped his kneecap during a jump ball at Hillfield. Hopefully this accident will not hamper his return next season.

Thanks coach for keeping the spirit high among us and good luck with the team of 1980.

David Distelmeyer





FRONT ROW: Sambrook, Reid, Pike.
BACK ROW: Dorion, Mr. Larsen, Holland.

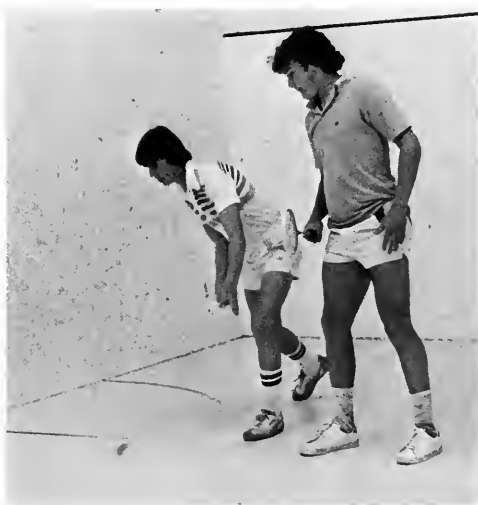


First Squash

The goal of the First Squash Team at the beginning of the season was to win the League Championship for the third year in a row. Along the way the team (and the second team) practiced and ran through various fitness drills. The idea was that if you were as fit as you could be, winning would come much more easily. This is not to say that there was no talent, in fact there was an overabundance.

This year the First team consisted of "old" Fred Reid, Bart Sambrook, Tim Pike, Dave Dorion and Dave "Joe" Holland. In December the whole team participated in the U.S. Nationals in Rhode Island; once again two players are ranked nationally, and in July, the team will tour England.

We are blessed to have the two best players in the I.S.A.A. Our number "two" player, Bart Sambrook demonstrated that he deserves national recognition, especially for his "nicks". Throughout the year, the number 3, 4 and 5 positions constantly changed hands. Tim Pike continued a mastery of his specialty; power. At No. 3, he dominated the league, including Dino Faes. At No. 5, Dave Holland improved considerably over the year; he could



not be taken lightly any more and his emotional win over Coons proved it. Finally, we get to Fred Reid. What more can be said about him: he has not lost a match in four years as our No. 1 player; not even to Ridley's Rick Naylor. He has not patronized less gifted players, nor has he been overly upset. Nationally ranked in the top five, Fred is an excellent athlete and a fine person. That also goes for the rest of the team.



The Second Team did as many circuits as the First Team, played as many matches, won a considerable amount, but they never got any attention. "Veggie" Hueton refined his game considerably, and it showed. The veteran of the team, Bill King, could not quite do it this year, but he did win even against T.C.S. Steve Durst is a better version of the "old Steve Durst", and won when it counted most even practice. Stylish, well-tailored John Pollen managed to develop his squash skills from his excellent tennis strokes. Gord Richards, the steady John Hayward and the diminutive Adam Gordon showed "alarming" progress and will be seeded next year.

At the end of the season, we hung on to win the League. However, everything that had been learned and practiced for four months was to rest upon one Saturday at T.C.S. It was not a good day. One player did not win one match, when he should have won all three. One player forgot his shoes. Another had a headache and a cold, but despite this, we beat T.C.S. 4-1 and U.C.C. 4-1. Everything depended on our match against Ridley in the afternoon. We had beaten them three days before, and we had to be very pumped up. As expected, Fred and Bart won easily but the other three all lost. Ridley won 3-2. Because Ridley had beaten T.C.S. 3-2 instead of 4-1 (it was decided by one point), we were tied, so Ridley won the Championship. Forever the gentleman, Mr. Larsen sincerely congratulated Ridley as we left, stunned.

We must thank Mr. Larsen for a fine meal at the Hearthside and for his continual interest in the team. His confidence in us helped a great deal; even though he was probably more disappointed in our loss than anyone, he managed a smile: "That's not too bad fellas, after all, we've been League Champs for four straight years". Next year however, things will be more difficult; Fred Reid is leaving, which will leave a big gap. But the I.S.A.A.'s will be held here next year, and we've got something to prove.

Dave Dorion



FRONT ROW: Hueton, Durst, King.
BACK ROW: G. Richards, Mr. Larsen, Pollen.

Second Squash



LEAGUE LEAGUE LEAGUE

The 1978-79 League hockey season proved to be one of the finest ever. Although our regular coach, "Stormin'" Norman Landry was out for the opening of the season, we still managed to survive the rigours of pre-season training under the guidance of coach "Joe" Walsh.

After Christmas, with the triumphant return of Coach Landry, the Central African Hockey Association got underway. Because of financial difficulties, only two teams remained in the league; but, oh what powerful teams! Despite very even battles all year long, one team emerged victorious, the Mali Maple Leafs defeated the Nigerian North Stars in the final of a very even series.

The league crown was of secondary importance, however, for a much more prestigious award took the spotlight at the annual awards ceremonies. This of course was the award for the most aggressive player in the league. It was won this year by everyone's favorite, the sultan of shinny, Lanny MacDonald.

As some players will never don the blades for the league again, the remaining players should consider themselves fortunate to be able to carry on the traditions of a truly great institution, the "Tri-pod Squad."

Paul Hubner and Rick Bruce

HOCKEY
HOCKEY
HOCKEY
HOCKEY
HOCKEY
HOCKEY
HOCKEY

Where can one start when trying to explain this year's squash league? How do you describe a group of athletes who, with few exceptions, all gave up high profile positions on the first hockey, basketball, swimming and yes, even the first squash team so that they could participate in what must be one of the school's most extraordinary teams. And yes, it was a team. A team that would stop at nothing to help another member out of sticky positions such as not showing up for practice one day, or the whole term. It was this sort of complete selfishlessness that, had we ever played, I am sure would have been reflected in our game.

Even this is not the complete story. Some players, the elite, went so far as to actually play on a regular basis. These are the unsung hero's of the league. This type of devotion which transcends even that of our coaches, boggles the mind and touches the outer limits of divine squash.

My only hope is that the spirit of league squash, as so well defined this year, will not be forgotten, and maybe flourish and become more of the tradition it already is.

Richard Woolley

SQUASH
SQUASH
SQUASH
SQUASH
SQUASH
SQUASH
SQUASH

With Mr. Large and Mr. O'Leary in charge, we played basketball, volleyball, and sometimes both. Divided into three teams - Forsyth's, Anderson's and Waters' - we played each other all winter long. The games might have been funny to watch for professionals, but the effort put into them was monumental. We all had our good days and our bad days. One day one team would win all the time, another day

another team would win. It was noticeable that each team had its stars, since they seemed to control the ball most, and therefore to score the most points.

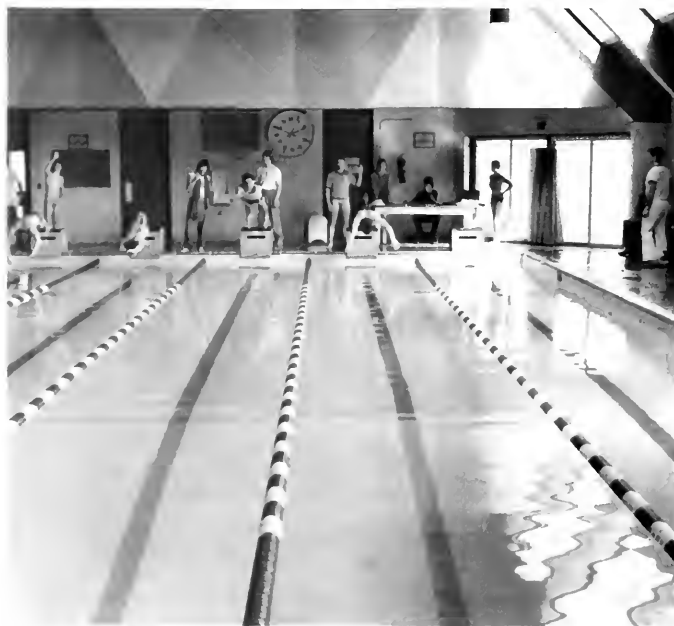
Overall, the basketball league was pretty successful. The courage and effort put into it were exemplary.

Jan Chris Koenders

BASKETBALL
BASKETBALL
BASKETBALL
BASKETBALL
BASKETBALL



FRONT ROW: Bundschuh, Burke, Mathieson, Green.
 SECOND ROW: Appleby, Chapman, Rockett.
 BACK ROW: Mr. Larsen, Johnson, Hughes, Mr. Berriman.



First

As the season of 78/79 progressed, it became clear that the competition, primarily in the form of Ridley College, was going to be formidable.

This fact provided a stimulus to all our activities and generated a driving spirit which has remained dormant in the years following 1976 - our first championship success.

I can honestly say that this has been our best season of training due entirely to the enthusiasm and determination of every single member of the club. Every boy completed at least 75,000 yards in training, and the finals team swam in excess of 90,000 yards.

In a season where we could and should have won every meet we entered we finished with the shelves bare and nothing to show for all our efforts - what went wrong is a question that was frequently heard in those last days of the winter term.

The answers, as so often in circumstances such as this, is not simple, but a combination of factors. Illness and injury had dogged key members of the team for much of the season and sheer determination may have pushed one or two others too hard in the final week or two. Technical errors resulted in costly disqualifications and perhaps our strength was not deployed as widely as it might have been. However, in the end it was the excellent competition that we encountered in this season that removed us from No. 1 place in both Oakville and ISAA competition.

Dave Green is to be congratulated on his first ISAA Diving Championship. Dave Burke and Jamie Mathieson were again outstanding and set new ISAA marks in the 100 yds. Breaststroke and 200 yds. Freestyle respectively. Steve Rockett, Don Johnson, Tom Hughes and Jamie Mathieson pushed the 200 yds. Freestyle Re-

lay mark to 1.35.7, our third consecutive new record in this event.

Next season again holds tremendous promise to which will be added the challenge of coming from behind for the first time in three years.

See you next November.

JB



Swimming

1978-79 Results

Appleby	74	St. Georges	12	Won
Appleby	64	UCC	13	Won
Appleby	47	TCS	39	Won
Appleby	59	SAC	18	Won
Ridley	53	Appleby	33	Lost
SAC	22	Appleby	55	Won
Appleby	50	Ridley	36	Won
UCC	21	Appleby	59	Won
Appleby	47	Blakelock	30	Won



Appleby College Swimming Records 1974-1979

MEDLEY RELAY

1974 J. Wright
M. Bloemen
P. Bloemen
P. Thompson 2.01.0

1975 W. Chuck
D. Burke II
J. Wright
J. Morgan 1.56.5

1976 M. Bloemen II
D. Burke II
P. Bloemen I
J. Wright 1.53.4

1977 S. McLaughlin
1978 D. Burke II
1979 C. Wood
D. Hawley 1.49.7

200 FREE

1974 M. Barber 2.10.0
1975 J. Wright 2.05.0
1976 J. Morgan 2.01.0
1977 J. Mathieson 1.55.0
1978 J. Mathieson 1.52.0
1979 J. Mathieson 1.48.6

50 FREE

1974 D. Stuart 25.3
1975 D. Stuart 24.6
1976 D. Stuart 23.7
1977 D. Stuart 23.7
1978 D. Stuart 23.7
1979 T. Hughes
D. Johnson 23.6

100 BREAST

1976 D. Burke 1.06.1
1977 D. Burke 1.05.2
1978 D. Burke 1.05.2
1979 D. Burke 1.04.0

100 IM

1974 M. Barber 1.06.4
1975 J. Morgan 1.04.8
1976 D. Burke II 1.01.9
1977 J. Mathieson 59.5
1978 D. Burke
J. Mathieson 58.8

100 BACK

1976 J. Wright 1.05.0
1977 S. McLaughlin 1.04.2
1978 D. Burke II 1.03.1
1979 J. Mathieson 1.03.0

100 FREE

1974 D. Stuart 57.1
1975 D. Stuart 54.9
1976 D. Stuart 53.1
1977 D. Stuart 53.1
1978 J. Mathieson 52.2
1979 J. Mathieson 52.2

50 FLY

1974 M. Barber 28.9
1975 P. Bloemen I 28.6
1976 C. Wood 26.8
1977 C. Wood 26.8
1978 C. Wood 26.3
1979 J. Mathieson 26.1

FREESTYLE RELAY

1974 M. Barber
J. Wright
P. Thompson
D. Stuart 1.46.7

1975 J. Wright
P. Thompson
J. Morgan
D. Stuart 1.39.9

1976 D. Hawley
J. Wright
J. Morgan
D. Stuart 1.37.3

1977 D. Hawley
J. Wright
J. Morgan
D. Stuart 1.37.3

1978 C. Wood
D. Burke I
R. Manbert
J. Mathieson 1.37.3

1979 D. Johnson
S. Rockett
T. Hughes
J. Mathieson 1.35.7

Second Swimming

1978-79 saw the arrival of seven former members of the Junior School team. All seven are strong swimmers and two, Chris Chapman and Andrew Crawford-Brown, eventually made the finals team. Duncan Ross is the best long distance freestyle prospect to arrive for several years, and Chris King is a fine all-rounder.

Sean Baines led the team through a most successful season. Seven wins and two defeats gave him much satisfaction as an end to his long career in swimming at Appleby - well done and thank you, Sean.

This is the strongest second team we have had in several years and it will certainly ensure that we remain competitive in the sport for some time.

Mr. Berriman



FRONT ROW: Crawford-Brown, C. Baker, Bethune, S. Baines, Smith, D. Ross, C. King.
SECOND ROW: Mr. Berriman, A. Newell, Gibson, Hamilton, Meredith, Kay, Appleby, Peacock, Samuel.
BACK ROW: Richardson, M. Baker, Johnston, Wilson.

Squash Tour to England in June, 1979

Appleby Beats Harrow and Marlborough

On June 13, Mr. Larsen took the Appleby Squash Team on a tour to England. The team that went was Fred Reid, captain; Bart Sambrook, David Holland, David Dorion, and Steve Durst. Since the

Appleby team has won the ISAA league for the last four years in a row, it was thought to be time to see how it would measure up to some of the top squash-playing schools in England.

Since our Senior School has only 235 boys it is clear that, in winning five out of their six school matches in England, against good schools (Harrow and Marlborough are considered the best) our Appleby team had an extremely successful

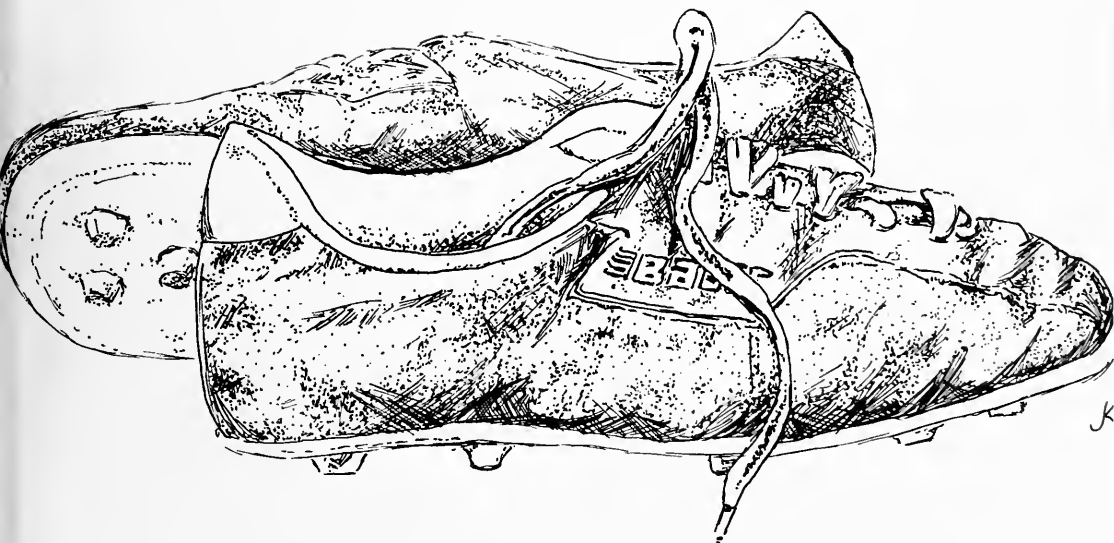
tour.

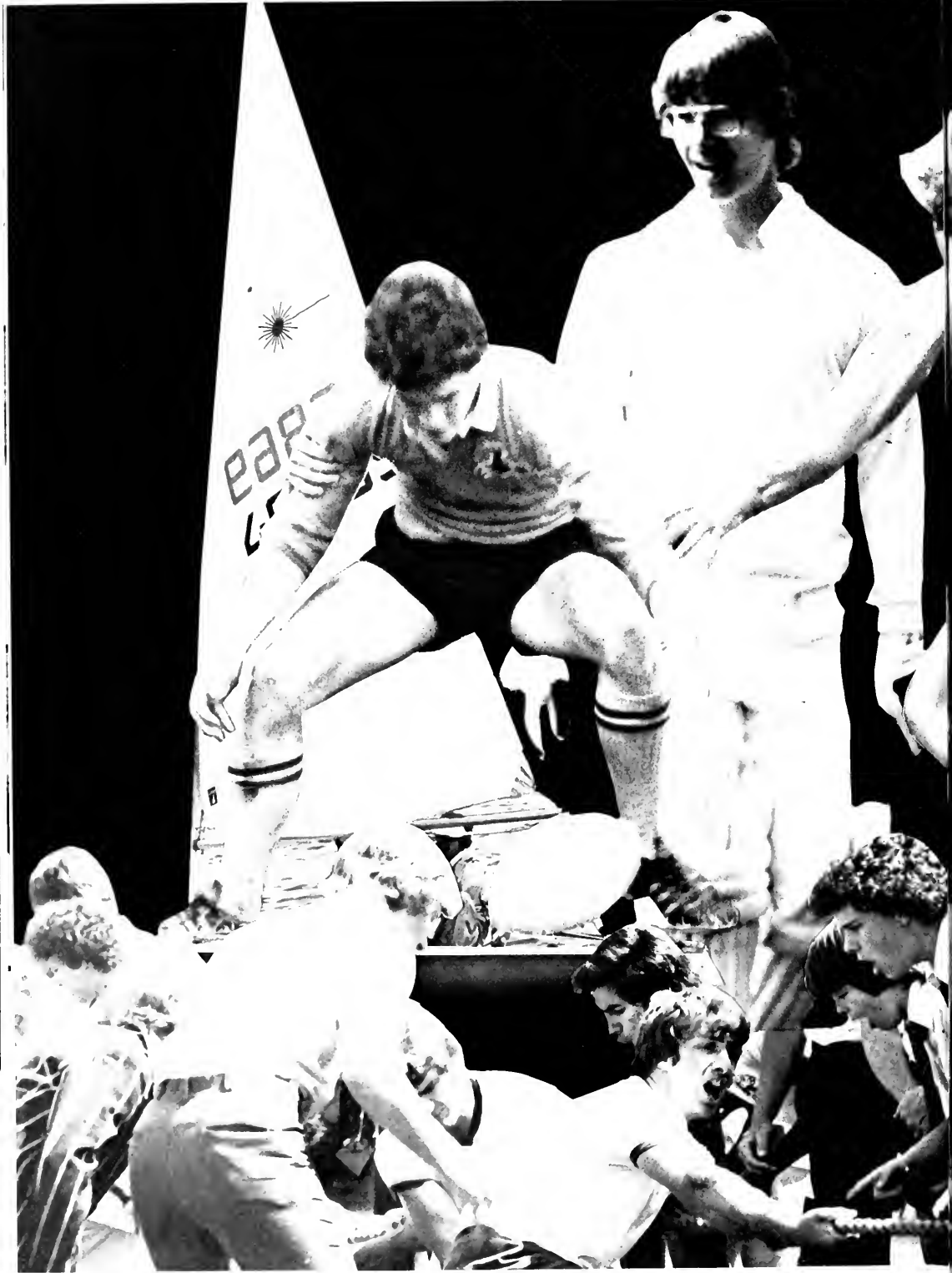
In addition to playing six schools, the team visited Oxford University and played their 3rd V. Before going on the tour, Mr. Larsen had challenged all the other coaches to a game and four had agreed. As our coach won three out of four we are persuading him that he is not quite "over the hill" yet!

The last match and one of the toughest matches was played at Marlborough; and it was thought a fitting climax to a great tour when all our players, including our coach, were awarded their Marlborough College Squash Colours.

Results

Appleby v Dulwich (1400 students)	Lost 2 - 3
v Harrow (700 boys)	Won 3 - 2
v Aldenham (350 boys)	Won 4 - 1
v Oakham (550 boys)	Won 5 - 0
v Stowe (600 boys)	Won 5 - 0
v Oxford University 3rd V	Lost 2 - 3
v Marlborough (900 boys)	Won 3 - 2





Open Rugby

ONTARIO SEVENS CHAMPS I.S.A.A. CHAMPS



FRONT ROW: Mull, Pollen, Day, Boyle, Gillies, Appleby.

MIDDLE ROW: Stoneham, Pike, Keates, Leggat, Green, Washington, Hubner, Mr. Washington.

BACK ROW: Mr. Larsen, Johnston, Baker, Logan, Thompson, Mitchell, Pollock, Wood, Stevenson, Wooley, Linton, Cole.





For the fifth time in the last six years the First XV has retained the ISAA Rugby Championship. It is necessary to recognize that this remarkable record of success is in fact owing to an equally remarkable expenditure of time and effort by our coach - Mr. Washington.

This valuable asset, in conjunction with the able captaincy of Graham Leggat led to a team atmosphere of spirit, co-operation and a keen desire to win which culminated in success. The team's victories vouchsafe these statements: ISAA Champions, Ontario seven-side Champions, and perhaps least - or more importantly, depending on your point of view - undisputed holders of Oakville rugger supremacy. Not to be forgotten is our sixth place finish in the World seven-aside tournament at Rosslynn Park during our England rugby tour.

ENGLAND TOUR

There is a lot to remember about the England trip. The most outstanding of which is the beer that we drank and the hospitality we received. To top it all off, we even won a few games, contrary to expectations.

One could write pages on the little anecdotes that really made the tour so remarkable. There was Tim up at the crack of Dawn two nights running, the wild sing-songs at the Bull's Head, the coarse rugby songs from Cockermouth, and the profound wisdom of Obtuse Roge. There was "Tittles" showing us how to disco at "Y.M.C.A." marvelling at the punk rockers at "The Bell," and World War III at the naval base.

There were hundreds of these little things that we will remember for the rest of our lives. We learned a lot about rugby, and even set the world on edge by being one of the surprises of the World seven's tournament, just losing to Scotland 20-16 in our first ever seven-aside match.

Overall, it was a tremendous experience and a lot of fun.

ONTARIO SEVEN'S TOURNAMENT

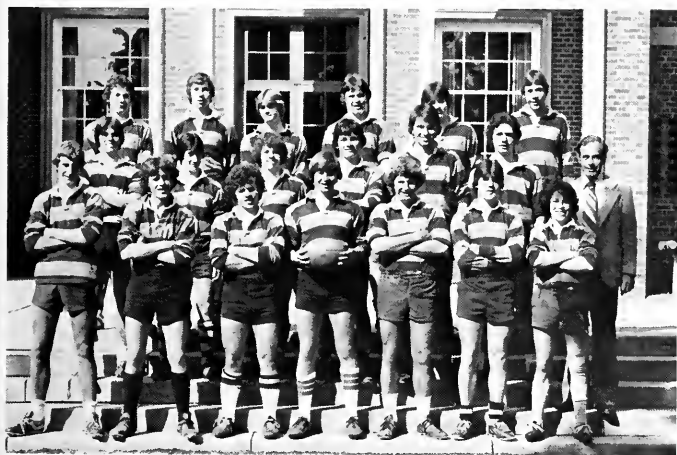
Despite appalling weather, poor organization and conditions, we managed to rise to the occasion to show our rugby supremacy. We needed to win only four times for our title, 26-6, 36-0, 18-0 and 40-0 in the final. Previous to each game

our opponents laughed mockingly at our lack of size. However to their chagrin and our delight we met little resistance, and trophies and plaques were waiting for us at the side of the field at the end of the game.

The U17 side, due to inexperience, had a rather slow start. During the first two or three weeks of the season we suffered most of our defeats. But towards the end the team, with more confidence and experience, we put it all together.

The forwards did more than their share of hard works. With big Brad Bethune, Dave Tasi, Jon Stark and Jeremy Hughes leading





U-17 Rugby

FRONT ROW: Tom Scott, Eric Morgan, John Da Re, Steve Rockett, Jon Stark, Darrel Smith, Toby Follows.

MIDDLE ROW: Rob Gardner, Gord Moffat, Pete Follows, Tony Sutton, Dave Tasi, Doug Locke, Mr. Stuart.

BACK ROW: Rich Jobin, Chris Baker, Phil Thompson, Brad Bethune, Mark Cobham, Jeremy Hughes.

the way.

But when the ball was out, the Follow's connection with help from Eric Morgan and John Da Re kept the pressure on.

It was a very successful season

due to the concentrated efforts of our illustrious coach, Rev. Stu. Many thanks for another great season.

Fortunately there was no absence of the main factor which was

that everyone had good, clean fun. After all, that's what Rugby is about.

Stephan Rockett



BANTAM RUGBY



This year's rugby team was by no means small, and was very eager to get out on the field and mangle its opponents. This eagerness increased the day we got on the field after two weeks of "getting fit."

Although the team consisted mostly of rookies, several experienced players helped the team win four out of the five games played. Our captain, Steve Mann, was also the fly-half and kicker. He played well, getting up many of the tries scored before he broke his nose in the second game. At this time Chris King took over as fly-half and Peter Sens as kicker. Paul De Kort and Darren Bryant (scrum Half) were the key players of the heavy scrum and line-out.

The main weakness of the team was passing and getting the ball, but once we had it, the attacking line quickly gained distance.

We managed to win the first two games against SAC but our winning streak ended when we played against UCC. The fourth game against Ancaster was short but gruelling. Eventually we won by a single point. We ended the season with a game against a Scarborough league which was easily won. Several members of the team also played in a 7-side tournament in which they placed sixth out of twelve Ontario schools.

Lastly, much thanks must go to our coach, Mr. Day, who, with great tolerance, got us through a year of fun and success on the field.

Andrew Crauford-Brown



At the beginning of this season, it appeared that some rebuilding would have to be done. We had lost three of our top four batsman from the graduating class as well as some very necessary experience. The weather was not much help as many a day was spent in the gym working with tennis balls and making sure the shots were still there after a long winter. Yet in the gym it became obvious that, with some of the "southern" new boys and the younger talent, we had a

genuine shot at any of the teams in the I.S.A.A. Especially since the games were changed to 40 overs an innings and each bowler could only bowl 8 overs. We felt that that was where our strength lay, for we had four excellent bowlers, any of whom could open.

We played some exhibition games against Oakville, Toronto and Gracechurch Cricket Clubs and fared reasonably well against them, although the Toronto side did outclass us in the batting end

of the game. But what counted were the I.S.A.A. games and Ridley was our first opponent. We batted first and although our opening bat, Glenn Wright hit 41, the team managed to be all out for 113. Two cricketers of the future, Joe Ryan and Pat Bates, both in Grade 10, had a good day at the bat as well. Yet when Ridley went in to bat we had trouble with their opening bats as they picked away at us until we went down in defeat only taking four of the wickets.

St. Andrews was a different story altogether. They fell for only 40 runs in a matter of little more than an hour and a half, thanks to some excellent bowling by Iain Hueton and Tom Hughes. Keith Chin led the batting that day with 25 and we came home with our first win in the I.S.A.A. and prepared for our next match against U.C.C.

Again we batted first and we just put it down as "a bad day" at the bat, as we were all out for 68 although Keith Chin had 38 not out. Yet U.C.C. had a hard time getting their runs and at one point we had 8 of their wickets for 40 runs as our fielding had never looked better. They finally beat us, but not after most of our team had vowed revenge.

T.C.S. was next as we warmed up for the Tournament at Marigail. Andrew Seenath and Ian Hueton both had a good days bowling and we had them out half an hour before tea. We lost three

First Cricket



FRONT ROW: P. Henriques, Bates, Chin, Wright, S. Henriques, Durst, Bonfield.
BACK ROW: Mr. Larsen, Ryan, Hughes, Seenath, Bailey, Hueton, Hickling, Mr. Dickens.





wickets during our innings until Seenath and Chin settled in and brought home a win which took a good two to three hours to get despite the fact we only needed 47 runs for the win.

Marigail loomed next and our win over T.C.S. put us in third place behind Ridley and the leader, U.C.C. Our chance had come as we were to play U.C.C. in the first round. They were undefeated and had settled upon their thrones for yet another year. But even the greatest of them fall and fall they did, one by one, until we had gotten them all out and they were well short of our 78 runs. These games were different in that each team

only gets 20 overs to make as many runs as they can and each bowler could only bowl 4 overs. Ridley defeated T.C.S. and so we were in the final for the second year in a row. But again it was not to be as Ridley hit everything we bowled and ended up with 110 runs in 25 overs. Our batting was nothing to talk about until Pat Bates and Gerald Baiz, known as the "second team slugger" made 29 and 38 not out respectively. The score was a respectable 88 but Ridley is bound to feel our revenge next year as only our Captain, Keith Chin, is leaving us this year.

We did not have the greatest of seasons this year, but we had a

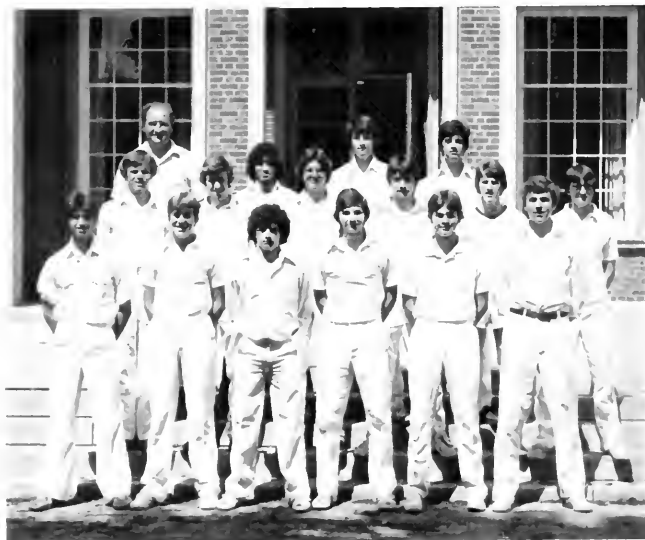
good time and a great deal of the credit for that should go to our coach Mr. Dickens. He put up with our very inconsistent batting as well as our sometimes erratic bowling and usually managed to stay on the calm side of things and for that the whole team would like to thank him.

Glenn Wright





2nd - U-16 Cricket



FRONT ROW: Stewart, Kay, Meredith, Lewis, Hickling, Johnson.
SECOND ROW: Forsyth, Richards, Marshall, Lloyd, Graham, Durdan.
BACK ROW: Mr. Revill, Baiz, Goddard, Turnbull.

This year's 2nd XI had a very good season, due largely to high team spirit and a good amount of talent. The wicked spin bowling of Jeff Goddard was surpassed only by Peter Meredith, (whose deadly accuracy took 40 wickets this season) and Paul Stewart. Don Johnson was our "ace reliever", and even Chris Lewis managed to get in a few overs.

Our batting soon proved to be as good as our bowling. Again, Peter Meredith's uncanny skill shone through, accounting for 20% of our total runs. Richard Hickling, Paul Stewart and Barry Kay also paced our attack with good batting.

Keen fielding by Don Hamilton, Mike Forsyth, Gord Richards, Barry Kay, and Peter Meredith kept the scores down and the spirits up. In all, 43 wickets were taken as a result of our good fielding.

Our first four games were easy wins against T.C.S., Ridley, U.C.C., and S.A.C., winning by

as many as 7 wickets on two occasions. Then came an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Lakefield 1st Team. Our bowling and fielding held them to 84 runs, but our batting had fallen to pieces. Seven batsmen were ducked, and only Baiz, Lewis and Kay were able to score any runs at all (a miserable 11). We then drew to U.C.C. and beat them the next day. Our second game against T.C.S. was a draw, and the team slipped well below its potential. Then, sweet revenge! Lakefield Firsts, confident of another victory, went down to defeat as we hammered out 97 runs for 7 wickets and then held them once again to 84 all out. With this lift, we trounced U.C.C. in our final match, scoring 122 runs for 7 wickets, while allowing them only 57 runs. This gave us a 7-2-1 record and a solid hold on first place.

I would like to thank all the members of this year's team for their effort and enthusiasm, and on their behalf, Mr. Revill, for his continuing patience and support. His almost limitless knowledge and strategy were a great help to me, and his constant cheerfulness made the game that much more enjoyable. Thanks again for a season I shall long remember.

Chris Lewis, Captain



Appleby at	TCS	won
vs.	UCC	won
at	Ridley	won
at	SAC	won
at	Lakefield	lost
at	UCC	won
vs.	UCC	draw
vs.	TCS	draw
vs.	Lakefield	won
vs.	UCC	won





U-15 Cricket



FRONT ROW: New, Duncan, Petersen, Gregory, Ross, DuToit, Mr. Large.
BACK ROW: Kotulak, Chapman, Mutimer, Genereux, Thompson, Smith, Munn.

Good but not quite good enough is about the only way to describe this year's U15's. That, however, is better than we had hoped at the beginning of the season. Most people, including some members of our team, thought we would be lucky to win a game.

Petersen's bowling was a saving factor and he seemed to be the only bowler capable of taking wickets consistently, other than Gregory. Our fielding was excellent but much credit has to go to

Duncan Ross and Phil DuToit who made several spectacular catches in our away games.

David Mutimer

COACH'S COMMENTS

You've heard of the Bad News Bears - now we've seen the Tough

Luck Crickets! Three games in particular were ours to win until out of the woodwork came a tail-end batsman who had not scored any runs all season now to score 58, 26 and 23 against us. My hat is off to a group of enthusiasts who never gave up and who showed some excellent spirit. Thanks for a happy season.

F.S.L.



Tennis Team

FRONT ROW: Myers, Dorion, Reid,
Hayward.
BACK ROW: Sambrook, Mr. Abbott,
Shafan.





It is without a doubt that everybody looks forward to a Half-term holiday. However, there is considerable doubt that very many boys actually look forward to the prelude to the third term's Halfway point. Who can blame them? Not many people enjoy sore feet, painful legs and aching lungs. For the less athletic among us, the challenge is to finish (I did!) within the time standard (not quite). For some, the effort is worth their while: they do well. Congratulations to Graham Leggat and the others for their success. For the others, better luck next year.

R. H. Maxwell



ATHLETIC AWARDS

FOOTBALL

RECORD BOARD

D.R. Green I
G.C.A. Leggat
P.B. Logan
D.R. Green II
W.R. Benson
R.L. Casey
M. Forsyth
P. Hubner
D.E. Keates
S. McBride
P.K. Manifold
T.J. Pike
D.G. Sell
D. Stevenson
R.H. Stoneham
C. Thompson
N.L. Wood
G.A. Wright

COLORS

D.R. Green I
G.C.A. Leggat
P.B. Logan
D.R. Green II
W.R. Benson
T.J. Pike
P.H. Stoneham
C. Thompson

SOCCER

RECORD BOARD

C.E. Richards
N.A. Day
J.R. Bailey
P.A. Boyle
D.E. Campbell
J.K.A. Chin
P.C. Follows II
D.S.C. Henriques I
J.A. Mathieson
J. Pollen
J.W. Ryan
J.D. Washington

COLORS

C.E. Richards
N.A. Day
P.A. Boyle
D.E. Campbell
J.K.A. Chin
P.C. Follows II
D.S.C. Henriques I
J.A. Mathieson
J. Pollen
J.W. Ryan
J.D. Washington

COLORS

C.E. Richards
N.A. Day
P.A. Boyle
J.K.A. Chin

BASKETBALL

RECORD BOARD

G.C.A. Leggat
P.A. Boyle
R.L. Casey
J.A. Goddard
J.M. Pritchard
N.L. Wood
G.C.A. Leggat
R.L. Casey
J.M. Pritchard

SQUASH

RECORD BOARD

F.A. Reid
B.J. Sambrook
T.J. Pike
D.M. Dorion
D.J. Holland

COLORS

F.A. Reid
B.J. Sambrook
T.J. Pike

SWIMMING

RECORD BOARD

D.S. Burke
P.A. Bundschuh
D.B. Green II
T.K. Hughes I
D. Johnson I
J.A. Mathieson
S.B. Rockett

COLORS

D.S. Burke
D.B. Green II
J.A. Mathieson

HOCKEY

RECORD BOARD

D.R. Green I
G. McK. Stuart
D.E. Keates
D.R. Beckett
M.A. Bunting
N.A. Day
J.W. Ryan
N.C. Shafran

COLORS

D.R. Green I
G. McK. Stuart
D.E. Keates
M.A. Bunting
N.A. Day
N.C. Shafran

RUGBY

RECORD BOARD

G.C.A. Leggat
M.T.A. Appleby I
P.A. Boyle
N.A. Day
M. Gillies
D.R. Green I
D.R. Green I
P. Hubner
D.E. Keates
G.J.J. Mitchell
M.S. Muff
T.J. Pike
J.D.A. Pollen
A.A. Pollock I
P.H. Stoneham
C.J. Thompson I
J.D. Washington I
N.L. Wood

COLORS

G.C.A. Leggat
P.A. Boyle
N.A. Day
D.R. Green I
D.E. Keates
T.J. Pike
J.D. Washington I

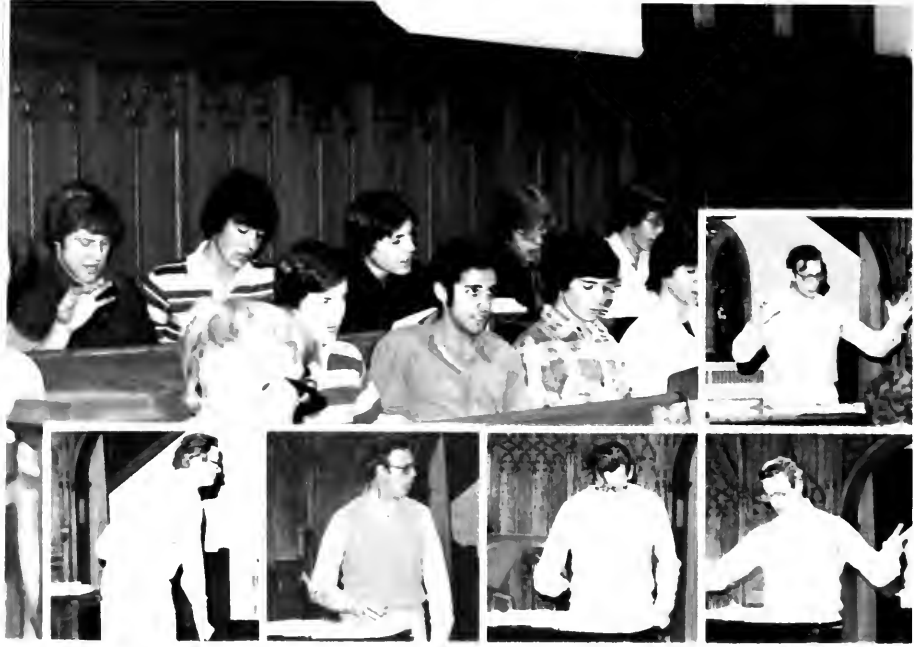
CRICKET

RECORD BOARD

J.K.A. Chin
G.A. Wright
J.R. Bailey
P. Bates
S.F.C. Durst
P.B.C. Henriques II
D.S.C. Henriques I
I.H. Hueton I
T.K. Hughes I
J.W. Ryan
A.A. Seenath

COLORS

J.K.A. Chin
G.A. Wright
I.H. Hueton
A.A. Seenath



ARTS





Arts at Appleby

By Graham Leggat

It is difficult to readily answer the question "What has been the development of the Arts at the school over the past ten years." Firstly, what are the Arts? By the Arts, one means, presumably, Art, in various forms such as painting, photography, sculpture, Music (both instrumental and vocal), and Drama, which is basically anything done on stage. It could also mean, to other people, such things as Debating, Dance and Creative Writing. It could even be stretched to include English class since this class should engineer a creative spirit and supply each with the tools of creativity. So, too, could it include certain hobbies practiced during the week and Thursdays, such as the putting together of the Argus, a task whose successful completion necessitates people with a combination of talents in various areas such as writing, photography and a good aesthetic sense so that the book looks like a polished work and not some slap-dash scrapbook.

Once one has narrowed down the field or at least come to some sort of workable definition of what constitutes the Arts, there is the question of how to judge development. The Arts are by nature subjective, (even something like English which has marks assigned). Thus there are disagreements over the quantity. So without an accepted gauge it is hard to judge the development of the Arts.

Having arrived at something of an intellectual impasse, the best thing to do is get back on solid ground. There are some statistics; comparisons between the state of the Arts as they were ten years ago and as they are now.



"In 1969 there was one piano teacher who came in one afternoon a week to teach a handful of boys."



Drama was limited, in '69 and before, to small one-act plays. When Mr. Davies introduced the Operetta and the three-act play a short time after that, it was enthusiastically received by the boys in it and the audience who watched it. But it was not on the same scale as the Dramatic Society productions are now. This year, as well as a full length play, and an Operetta, the Junior School put on a fine piece written and directed by Mr. Boyd - something unheard of ten years ago.

In the year 1912 the school's Dramatic Club presented its first performance called, "All in Vain." The Club later became the Appleby Dramatic Society whose first stage appearance being an attempt on the Victorian farce, "Ici on Parle Francais", which, according to Raymond Massey, who starred in both the aforementioned plays, "Nearly put an end to theatre at Appleby."

There was a lady who came from Toronto one afternoon per week to teach art. There was no art lab - it was done in the classrooms. Art was not available to the whole school. There is now an adequate art lab and a full time art teacher who runs a very good art program available to students throughout the school.

In 1969 there was one piano teacher who came in one afternoon a week to teach a handful of boys. Now, there are over 100 boys taking lessons in one instrument or another, as well as two full time music teachers on the staff.

The Argus has changed immeasurably over these years and a Thursday Activity program has been incorporated which has attempted to foster interest in the Arts as well as other areas.

There is a natural tendency to overexaggerate the fact that the school has grown greatly both physically and, it would seem from the comparisons mentioned in the



"All in Vain", 1912.



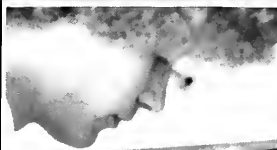
"H.M.S. Pinafore", 1968



"Dial M for Murder", 1978.

Arts. This does not mean that the School or the students in 1969 were pre-neolithic savages who wrote with crushed berries on papyrus and lived a primitive existence. There were, as there always has been, opportunities. However, the school was small, 240 total enrollment as opposed to 380 present, and interest in the Arts was also small. There has not been an improvement in all areas either. For instance, in the 50's Mr. Bott took a very good choir on an extremely successful tour of the U.K. (losing only one game). Since then it seems, despite the recent use of incentives, interest in the choir has almost died completely. This lack of interest in the choir is indicative of another area which seems to have become worse. That is, the general attitude towards the Arts. Our school is, not surprisingly, a microcosm of society at large. There exists in society a closed-mindedness, a resistance to the Arts. It may be conscious criticism such as the pseudo tough makes - "Painting is for faggots, man." or it may be the unconscious turning off that seems to occur in most English classes each time the teacher brings out the poetry book. In both, it is a fear of the unknown.





It is an unwillingness to expand one's limits of knowledge for fear that the new knowledge gained will shake up one's rigid view of the world and oneself. It seems to have become slightly worse. Possibly, with the advent of more cultural activities it has simply become more conscious and thus more vocal.

This resistance to new ideas and forms, or clinging to old ones springs from a lack of exposure. Most people are not well exposed to the Arts before university. (Some are not even exposed to it at all). The first contact and conflict with the Arts comes in high school. It is there (here) that one first learns how to react to creativity in others. It is extremely important then that an atmosphere of tolerance and encouragement is engendered and maintained. It would be shameful to turn someone away from creating poetry or painting by harsh criticism when they are at this confused stage.

Exposure is essential for acceptance of the Arts. Exposure to, and an opportunity to take part in various forms has improved over the last ten years. The school has always been geared towards having the majority attain a competent academic standard. It does not however provide exceptional training for the exceptional students. There is an anti-intellectual attitude, so that active encouragement of the very best students is frowned upon as elitism or intellectual conceit. Sometimes

this charge is justified, sometimes this apparent cleverness is pseudo-intellectual cynicism, sometimes it is genuine and it's a pity that those very talented few have to squander their talents.

While overt encouragement is discouraged, a number of improvements have been made which enable those who wish to get on, to do so. Firstly, there is the system of unsupervised study. It places the onus more on the student, enabling him to indulge his interests a bit more. Not a lot more, though, for the school has the general attitude of relatively formal academic discipline which is directly at odds with a relaxed, creative, artistic environment. There is just too much going on to find enough time to devote oneself, with a pressure-free mind, the Arts. The same applies to the Thursday activities. More and more it seems, the activities themselves are rather low on the priority list on Thursdays. Work undone, television, sports or just socializing seem to hold higher places. One of the goals of Thursdays was to expose more people to cultural events. This has not worked out. It seems to be defeated before it has even started by the obstinacy of the students. They do not want to be exposed. It's the same fear, sometimes expressed as boredom. And there is no point in forcing the Arts down anyone's throat. It is antithetical to the Arts themselves. The person viewing must put in almost as much time as the creator. As they say, "You can lead a horticulture but you can't make her think." The opportunities are open; it is only the attitude which closes them off. Perhaps if certain cultural events were brought into the school it might achieve better response than planned trips out.

One of the best ideas in recent times has been the workshops in the art lab. In these, a whole day can be devoted to the studying of a specific skill under excellent crafts-persons, without the worry of going to classes or wearing classroom dress. It is this sort of relaxed, informal

and above all, creative attitude that must be fostered in the art lab but in the school in general if the Arts are to be successful here. But, why stop at art workshops? Dramatic, writing and photographic, not to mention any other sort of workshop held by and for interested and talented people would be invaluable.

What HAS been the development of the Arts at the school over the past ten years? In quality and quantity it appears that the Arts have flourished despite the prevalent attitude of society which resists the unknown. Various steps have been taken to provide opportunities for people to take part in many different types of cultural events in the school. However, owing to the reactionary attitude, these gestures appear hollow. They go on DESPITE, not because of public reaction. But this is to be expected and should not be disillusioning. The ideal is a tolerant atmosphere where intellectual and artistic curiosity and endeavour are not merely condoned but openly and actively encouraged. It is a long, slow haul to achieve the ideal but steps small but distinct are being made.

"One of the best ideas in recent times has been the workshops in the art lab."





There is a murmur of voices, interrupted by a sharp bark from the two overhead speakers. "Five minutes, boys and girls, principles to the wings."

"Hello lights? Stand by for house fade."

"Colin, thirty seconds to music, begin countdown."

In the dim, blue light of the control room two shadows sit pensively at their controls. The digital read-outs glow on the board, everything is poised, ready. Over the headphones a light, non-sensical conversation is taking place but the participants are only half-listening; their attention is focused on the stage-manager, waiting for that all-important word that will start the play.

In the wings everyone is deathly silent, whispering nervously to each



Dial "M" for Murder

other. The big stage door opens and the first actors prepare for the big moment, their faces freshly powdered. Chris smiles at the stage-manager and starts to fiddle with a button.

"Music fade, and stage lights up!" The play has begun, there is no turning back.

For two, long months the six actors have worked and prepared for this moment. Learning lines, blocking, practising over and over again until it was perfect.

"Do it again," you could hear Mr. Josselyn saying as you strolled past the gym after supper. It's not easy working for a perfectionist!

But these are just a fraction of the people that make the play a success. Behind the plaster and canvas walls of the set, peering through the inky glass behind the audience are the

backstage crew. For the last week they have virtually lived at the Oakville Centre, going back to school only for sleep and the occasional class.

Sitting in the audience, watching the final product, it's hard to imagine the many problems that had to be ironed out. The folding table that invariably folded on Louise Stacey and Jeremy Hughes during the "murder" rehearsals, the two broken telephones, the set preparations, and the meticulous placing of the lights.

Of course you can't cover everything: the stubborn lamp that wouldn't light when Chris turned it on. The unexpected comedy of the murder and Andrew Krempulec's brief but memorable performance.

And the letter, what happened to that letter? In the two large dressing

rooms the atmosphere is charged. People are close, as only they can be when they work, fail, try again and finally succeed together.

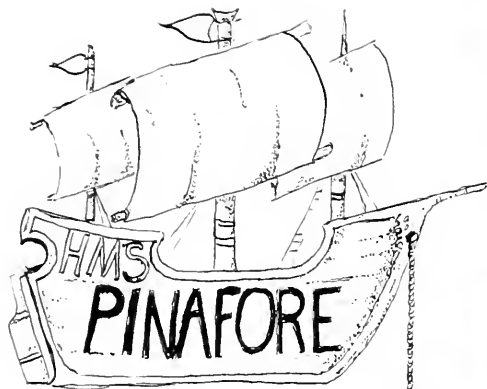
"Fade and out." Through the double-plated window high in the back of the auditorium, Colin and Dave watch the audience file out, talking and laughing between themselves. The play was another success and no-one could deny that.

"Well done everyone! Dave, Mr. Josselyn wants to see you about that second pipe, it seems to be acting up again. And can't we do anything about Doug's make-up and ..."

Richard Woolley



**Produced and Directed by
Mr. Josselyn**



On April 18, 19, and 20, 1979, Gilbert and Sullivan again entertained audiences at Appleby in the form of the operetta "H.M.S. Pinafore." To the audiences, it was an evening of entertaining musical fun, filled with farce and catchy melodies. To the people who staged it, though, it was the satisfying culmination of several weeks of hard work. Teamed with St. Mildred's, the leads, chorus, and directors laboured lovingly to put on an excellent production.

It's true, of course, that the performance had as much fun putting on the show as the audience did watching it. Backstage on the nights the production was shown was a hectic bustle of actors and stagehands. The curtains rise was anticipated eagerly by everyone involved, and it's fall was invariably celebrated.

Thanks and congratulations are due to all the performers, who turned in an excellent show, to the teachers, and to the ladies who aided in the effort, Mrs. Royce, Mrs. Jensen and a whole host of people (if all the names aren't down here, somebody should have a program you can look at). Thank you as well to the orchestra.

We can't forget the cast, of course. With Chris Baker as Ralph, Eileen Ferguson as Josephine, Suzanne Duncan as Buttercup, and Glenn Wright as the Captain, there was plenty of talent. Andrew Pollock's Dick





Deadeye was the man we all loved to hate, and Melissa Kensett, Toby Follows, Mark Duncan and Chris Ricketts turned in great performances, everyone.

And then there's Mr. Josselyn. As the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (First Lord of the Admiralty), Mr. Josselyn gave the audience some of the best fun of the evening.

Lest you think that the leads did all the work, there most certainly was a good chorus to back them up. The sailors and Sir Joseph's sisters, cousins and aunts tried hard to bring the roof down.

The guys and girls who worked backstage deserve congratulations as well, whether they were in make-up, props, or just backstage doing odd jobs. With Paul Bundschuh (enjoying the near divinity of being Stage Manager) running everything, things never got confused.

With this year's musical brought to a successful close, we can look back on it with satisfaction and pleasure. Let's hope that most of this year's talent will be able to recombine for next year's effort.

On Thursday, 24th of May, Appleby "debuted" three dramatists, two grade thirteens, Graham Leggat and Richard Woolley, and Mr. R. Snowden. The plays, the result of a Thursday activity, were written, rehearsed and produced in under six weeks, each of the dra-





Pride and Prejudice



I can say without prejudice that it was with some pride that Appleby and St. Mildred's put on the production of the play, "Pride and Prejudice", based on Jane Austen's book of the same name.

The play was presented on Friday and Saturday, February, 16 and 17, but the beginnings stem back to late October, when auditions were first held for *Pride and Prejudice*. The boys who volunteered to try out found out just what sort of acting they would have to do to make it authentic, since the entire play was a period piece from the early

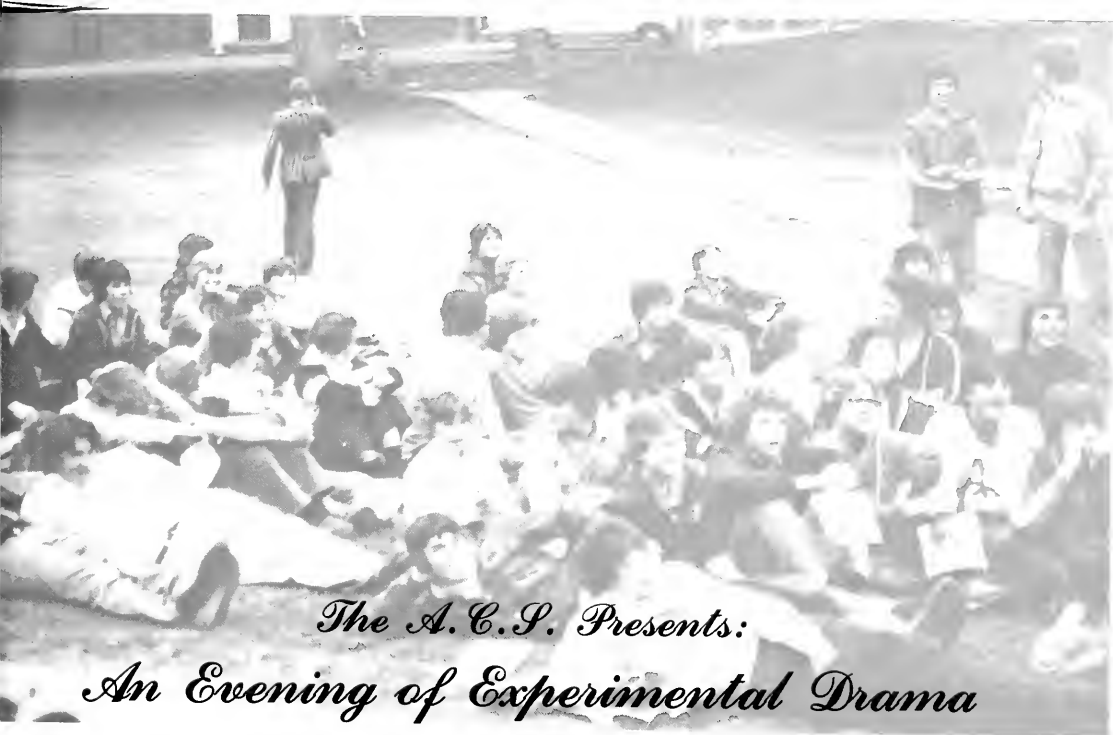
nineteenth century. Anybody who joined up just for some backstage boogie with the St. Millie's girls soon found out he'd actually have to do some acting.

Right through November, December, and January, right up to the last minute, everybody worked hard. Sometimes the practices were a lot of work, and it seemed we were getting nowhere, but everyone kept going, and the effort was worth it. The final two nights were the best, both performance wise and moral-wise, and made everything we'd done before well worth it and fun.

The whole thing may have been a lot of work, but it was also a lot of fun.

Thanks and a tip of the hat are due to everyone involved, Mrs. Jensen, our director, the leads, the girls backstage and all the actors who took part in the production. Although a lot of people deserve special mention, if it was put down here this article would be three times as long. If you missed the play, you missed a lot. If you saw it, you should know what I'm talking about.

Mark Baker



The A.C.P. Presents:
An Evening of Experimental Drama



matists taking an aspect of modern drama. Although experimental, the plays turned out to be quite a success, and the attendance was high, inspite of other activities and the nearness of exams.

The first play, 'The Nutshell, or, Who Cares about Godot' by R. Wooley, was a funny satire of con-

temporary private school involving an overly empowered prefect. The second play, "Sweeny Graduates" by R. Snowden, used a jazz back-round rhythm with an amusing plot containing witty, but somewhat vulgar, jokes. The last play, "The Ministers Cat" by G. Leggat, was more 'absurd' in nature, questioning the audience with an obscure meaning allowing for broad interpretation.

The three writers (also actors) are thankful for the voluntary aid they received including people such as James Kee, Martin Baggely, Rob Cartotto, Dave Keates, Scot Anderson and Dave Hölland.

Jeremy Hughes





FRONT ROW: Koenders, Batty, Hays, G. Mattimoe, Washington, Mann, Berriman, Davidson, Mahoney.
 BACK ROW: G. Nicholson, Garrod, Tam, Taylor, Moses, M. Pepall, Millar, D. Mattimoe, McDougall, T. Nicholson, Lewis, MacKinnon, A. Pepall.

The Choir this year has advanced both technically and musically. The half-hour practice, four times a week, has begun to pay off. First must be mentioned the two Kiwanis festivals we entered in Toronto and Hamilton. At the former we sang Sally Gardens arr. Britten and we placed fourth with a mark of 82. At Hamilton we sang "Sally Gardens" and "Little Billie" by Mr. Royse and came first with a mark of 86. Much thanks is due to our accompanist Mrs. Harris. On May 13th we took part in the Lakefield College Centennial Celebration Service at St. Anne's Anglican Church, Toronto. This was hard work but very rewarding when the service was over. Six private schools made up a choir of just over 100 voices with brass percussion and organ. Music sung included Stanford's "Te Deum", Titcomb's "Behold, now praise the Lord", Vaughn Williams' "O Clap Your Hands", Bullock's "Give us the wings of faith", and Thompson's "O Father, on our festal day". The day was made all the more memorable with the presence of the

Archbishop of Canterbury. Most of the music we have sung this year has been for unison or two-part boys' voices, but for the four-part anthems and the four very successful Carol Services, we must thank Mr. Josselyn, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Berriman, Mr. DesRoches and Mrs. Pepall for their valued support.

Music sung this year includes:

O Lovely Peace	Handel
Ave Verum	Mozart
Ave Verum	Elgar
Panis Angelicus	Frank
Litany to the Holy Spirit	Hurford
Non Nobis Domine	Quilter
Come Loyal Hearts	Whitehead
Praise the Lord	Greene
Never weather-beaten sail	Campion
O taste and see	Vaughan Williams

Music

The Music Department began a new phase this year with a compulsory instrumental programme in grades 7 and 8. The reason for it is to have some instrumentalists to feed the Senior School Band. There were about 80 boys taking part with

group lessons on clarinet, saxophone, trumpet, horn, euphonium, trombone and tuba. It is hoped next year to be able to start a Junior Band.

The School Band, although considerably smaller than in past years, made some excellent sounds. This may have been due to the fact that there was almost one player to a part. They performed in the interval of the Public Speaking competition, at the Cadet Inspection and at the Closing Day Ceremonies. On March 10th, the Hillsdale College Choir of Michigan came to sing to us. Consisting of about thirty mixed voices, they gave us an entertaining and varied programme. Philip Thompson in grade 10 must be congratulated for his taking first place in the Peel Music Festival. His flute playing will be missed in the school.

Many thanks are in order for Mr. Royse, Mr. Bridgewater and the other eight members of the music staff for the continuing help to push the Music Department to a recognized place in the school's curriculum.

The band, being an integral part of Appleby's existence, did not have so many members as in previous years, but the best sound ever was produced this year. Being a member of the Appleby College Concert Band myself, I have watched it grow, not in size, but in popularity, since it really got rolling four years ago. A strong word of thanks should be extended to our glorious leader, Mr. Bridgewater. This man is the only man I know of who would put forth the time and effort to put up with the sometimes uninterested faces of the players. It took a few days of tolerance and the updating of old ideas, to bring in the supply of up-to-date music we have now, but the wait was well worth it because only now are we capable of playing it. It's been a good four years with the band, and I sin-

cerely hope it reaches even greater heights.

Bill King

The Band





Greece Trip

ATHENS

Tuesday, 27 March 1979

Dear Mom,

Omigod! Was I ever seasick last night. Crete was marvellous; sunshine, swimming, fancy parades (it was Greek Independence Day on Sunday) and lots of old rocks and ruins: they're really into that kind of stuff over here. Anyway, the trouble with Crete is it's 200 miles away by sea and it got very rough coming back. I didn't mind the day-cruise last week to three of the islands in the Aegean near Athens. It was sunny and calm.

So I'm glad to be back in Athens on dry land for another day or so before heading home (via Amsterdam--we have a day there).

Mr. Crabb, who's only wrangled on us once so far this trip, took some of us to meet the Canadian ambassador at our embassy here this morning. It was really interesting and I wasn't bored at all. We even got our picture taken on the balcony.

Now it's mostly shopping until we leave. No more day-trips: we did them all before Crete: to Delphi, Corinth, Epidaurus, and Mycenae. I guess we may go back to some of the archeological sites here, but actually I enjoy just cruising around the Plaka -- the oldest part of town -- where there's lots of markets and curious stores. You should see this key-ring I'm bringing back. It's got a miniature statue of the little green man I sent you a postcard of. Boy, I bet he was popular!!

Can't say I like the Greeks much or their greasy food (ha ha) but the taxis are cheap (if you can get one) and the subway cars are all wooden and beautifully panelled. I wish they'd change the sheets more and make the toilets flush properly -- but you can't have everything.

See you at the airport on Thursday (I hope) and will try to get the duty-free booze and pipe tobacco you wanted.

Your loving son,

P.S. I never got the penicillin you promised to send; and Mr. Crabb's ran out. Help!



Literary

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All the above pieces of writing are selected from prose-winning submissions for the Appleby Creative Writing Prizes.





Silver Smithing Workshop



Mr. Kielman, the craftsman who taught the silversmithing workshop, originally came from Holland. It was there that he learned his craft, gold and silversmithing. He has been doing this work for a living most of his life, and he is one of the best, if not the best in his field. Appleby was very lucky to have a workshop run by Mr. Kielman. It was Mr. McConnell who organized the workshop. He applied for a grant from the Art Council of Canada which paid for 75% of the

costs. The school paid the rest, so the only thing the boys in the workshop had to pay for was the silver used in the rings. It was Mr. McConnell's goal to run a silversmithing workshop at Appleby after he himself participated in one in Toronto. The instructor there was Mr. Kielman, so naturally Mr. McConnell wanted him to do our workshop.

David Durdan

'Too many people these days lack the ability to express themselves both verbally and artistically; the workshop has given me another media through which I may express myself.'

'It's a satisfying experience to see something you have made yourself and say, "I did it and I did it all myself."'



'Silver Smithing is time-consuming and requires patience and yet, ironically enough it is highly fascinating.'



Jamie

by Rasko Ristic

The bell rang in a distant hallway and ended the hours of the school day. Jamie collected his assortment of books and turned to make his way out of the small schoolhouse. He managed to exit from the classroom without being caught in the current of the rushing older boys. Once he had been sent sprawling, his books carpeting the hallway, and now he was wary to keep his distance. Out in the schoolyard he felt a surge of elation, but then it was ended as soon as it started. His father stood waiting for him a few feet from the gate, half hidden by a tree. He was dressed in overalls, covered in mud and his shirt showed the signs of strenuous work. Jamie glanced around, spotted the group of boys snickering, and quickly walked to his father's side. Some pebbles struck him in the back, but he kept on. Together they turned and walked towards their farm at the edge of the county. Jamie looked in desperation at the endless flat horizon of the prairies, and noticed his father was idly chatting.

"... and the sow's almost at that time y'know son, soon we'll have piglets by the score." He noticed Jamie's thoughts were elsewhere so they continued in silence.

Once at home Jamie ran to his room to change his clothes for chores. He glanced out the window and spied the enormous waves of the sea and the furious storm whipping the water into a frenzied dance. Lightning flashed and Jamie's dad called him to the barn.

In the barn Jamie grabbed the bag of oats and lugged it over to the pig stalls. Carefully he poured the grain into the feeding trough. The avalanche cascaded downwards, the snow engulfed trees and whole towns. The entire valley would soon be filled when the pig snorted and Jamie grabbed at the oats bag. He worked through his chores quickly, not minding them much because his mind was in another world. Out in the fields he dug trench after trench with his hoe, braving the scorching sun and the dives of the enemy birds.

At supper the clanking of cutlery on china indicated the uneasiness of the family. Halfway through eating his potatoes, Jamie's father asked him if he could walk him home from school the next day, he could finish work early.

No, Jamie screamed in his mind. Why? The problems I have, trying to explain why you come in dirty clothes, reeking of the barn and the earth. They tease me about you, about how poor we are. Just once, please let me be like the rest, to stay with everyone else. No one else's father comes to the school, why me, there's no reason! But to hurt your feelings, the embarrassment, isn't there a way out? Jamie continued eating in silence, and his father finished eating his potatoes.

At school the next day Jamie cringed at his classmate's teasing, and the day dragged on as usual. Nearing the final bell, he readied himself for the inevitable. He felt no anger at his classmates, no resentment; just envy. The bell rang, the school day ended, and Jamie cautiously made his way to the door. Outside he checked the yard three times, and his father was nowhere to be seen; it was as if his father had read his mind. He felt a tingle up his back, and Jamie realized he was free, for the afternoon. He dumped his books and ran to the group of boys gathered in the centre of the dirt schoolyard. As he joined them Jamie became aware of a huge wall of separation between him and the others. Everyone stared at him, their faces blank. Soon one shouted to him, and gradually all were yelling at him to keep away and get lost. He turned and someone pushed him into the dust. Jamie scrambled up, grabbed his books and ran down the long road towards home. A tear reflected in his eye, and he gathered his thoughts once again. The tear fell to the ground, discarded, as Jamie trudged through the snow against the sharp icy wind. He climbed over huge ice cliffs, and plowed forward in the glistening snow, and clambered across frozen lakes to reach home.



Jason and the Argonauts

By Chris Thompson



For many years did Jason, Aeson's son,
devote his time and studies to the cause
of being master of that violent sport,
where men, protected by thick pads and guards,
attempt to smash and crush and thump and hit
and bash and punch and kick and twist and wrench
and maim and break and tear and squash their foes
(unless, of course, they feel most fine that day
and simply tear their limbs off in the fray.)
The sport of which I sing is known to all
'tis none but you Canadian football.
So guide me, Muses, that I might sing true
of all that Jason and his team achieved
in times before I to this world did come.
Release the font of truth to this poor soul,
as he attempts to trace their path through time.
And tell how Jason sought the Golden Fleece
for Glory, he who favours few and damns
for the rest to die unknown in seas of grief.
Please bless my venture, that I might succeed
in writing this, my first attempt at verse.
Calliope I ask to send a smile
from quiet woods atop Parnassian heights,
and cast a peace like murmur of the stream,
which flows with mazy motion down the slope
to flee its source - the pure Castalian spring.
I've poured the nectar of the bees, with milk
upon the ground, so help me, Muses, with
this story and the rhyme with which I'm bound.

Part III

And so it was that cocky Pelias
let Jason coach the fateful Argonauts.
And Jason, guided by a godly hand,
set up the season's game plans straight away.
To help him to design aggressive plays,
young Jason hired Argus, mastermind
of many football teams in Canada.
This Argus was an expert in his trade,
and with experience and football sense,
he molded Jason such a clever plan
of counters, draws, reverses, on-side kicks,
and end-arounds and fast off-tackle plays,
that Jason called these strategies his "ship",
and christened her "The Argo," as a high praise
to her inventor, the gifted shipwright, he
whose work would turn the Argos right around,
to gloried champions from a backwoods team.
As soon as Argus and young Aeson's son

had built "the Argo" of the stoutest wood,
 that sat and pondered who would best fit in
 the many spots and places to be held
 to make the Argos be the greatest team
 to ever dirty knees on churning grass
 or hold a J5V within their grasp.
 By advertising in "The Globe" and "Star,"
 they made it clear to all who would try out,
 that practices would start in not too long
 at SAC's Aurora campus, where
 the Argos were to form a mighty team
 and settle down, the season to prepare.
 And after Jason made three rounds of cuts,
 and like a farmer threshing in the warmth
 of ripened summer's weakened noonday sun,
 he flailed the chaff, then winnowed in the breeze
 to leave the kernels standing by themselves.
 O Muses, I am sure you know them well,
 those heroes who were chosen for the team -
 their names are now quite common household words,
 particularly as they all appear
 on T.V. ads, extolling rental cars,
 green toothpaste, soap and extra-thinned out beer.

from Part IV


The Argos travelled to the Chytan port
 that's on the island we call Montreal.
 and many Doliones, loyal fans,
 were there to greet them, led by Cyzicus,
 and gave the players hospitality.
 The Argos played the Giants, hometown team,
 before a roaring crowd which wanted blood
 to cover the Olympic Stadium.
 The Giants (who were once called Alouettes)
 just like the rabbit at a greyhound race
 or like a started bird which flees the tree,
 soon jumped to take a lead of fourteen points -
 the crowd replied appreciatively.
 O things looked dire for the Argonauts,
 two touchdowns down in ten short minutes' play;
 and watching how the Giants hugged themselves
 you'd think they had already won the game.
 But Hercules, the Argo captain strong,
 was not about to hang his cleats up yet.
 and, rallying, the team renewed their strength
 just as a snowball coursing down a hill
 picks up more speed, momentum and more weight
 until it roars like heaven torn asunder,
 and o'er the land proclaims itself like thunder.
 So did the Argonauts their form recover
 that by the final gun it was a slaughter.

*(these are excerpts from a longer
 15,000 word mock-epic.)*



Clotho Laughs

By Richard Woolley



David R. Woodhouse groaned and rolled onto his stomach. Suddenly, as if from the very air that surrounded him, music crashed in, centering on his already abused head. He did not particularly like music at any time; oh, maybe a little Chopin or Grieg in the early evening, but this was too much. Loud electric dischords with too much bass, too much percussion, and a singer who screamed at the top of his lungs something about "Looov." Yes, this really was too much and at ... he pulled a dead wrist up to his head and risked opening one eye ... eight-thirty in the morning! David groaned again and rearranged the pillow against his ears. Unfortunately this had little effect on the noise; defeat was imminent. He threw the pillow to the side of the large double bed and surrendered.

It was not until he had placed his bare feet on the cold floor that the realization that something was terribly wrong flooded his mind.

He was hung-over, badly hung-over; every sense in his body told

him this; but there was something else, something more. Slowly his eyes focused, then drew in the room around him. He was not at home, that was certain, but then where was he?

The room was small and cluttered. The floor was bare except for a tatty throw rug by the cupboard. It had been cheaply furnished with the large double bed filling up more room than it deserved. A crack in the heavy curtains let in a beam of yellow light; tiny incandescent stars fell and rose, changing position, intermingling, slaves to the drafts and eddies of the awkward room. It fell across the dressing table and landed silently at his feet.

Carefully David stood up, the chill of the room reminding him that he was naked. A pile of clothes was by the dressing table. Pant legs had been pulled inside out in a fashion that suggested hasty removal.

Awkwardly he put on his clothes, not bothering with the tie or his hair. What should he do

now? David was just pondering this delicate question when, as in answer, the door swung open and a woman of some thirty years came in with a cup of coffee.

"Oh, you're up. I was just going to bring you some coffee."

David looked at her and then at the coffee. His legs felt weak from the last night's over-indulgence.

"Er, thanks," he said in a flat tone, yet made no sign of taking the steaming cup.

She was tall and flat-chested and her hair fell down to her shoulders in thick waves. David also could not help but notice that she wore nothing under her light blue slightly worn dressing gown. It had been tied loosely at the front and gave the impression that it would fall open any moment.

"Well, don't just stand there," she said with a true unflattering smile. "I've got eggs and bacon in the kitchen done up real special." She lowered her voice. "I don't normally eat bacon, - can't afford it on what I make, but I keep it in for special occasions," and she

winked.

She turned through the door into a small kitchen-cum-dining-living-room. There was a small table, simply but carefully laid. She put the cup down. David did not move. Not only was he married but he had two young daughters -- three and five - a respectable job, - assistant bank manager, he had not so much as looked at another lady in seven years. As for this woman and her small apartment, he had never laid eyes on either before!

"Come on, Dave, sit down. I squeezed you some real orange juice."

David stood as if rooted to the spot. This could not be happening. His head was pounding and stomach felt sick. There was a strong taste of whiskey on his tongue.

"David!" the women said with a note of anxiety, "Are you all right? You look terrible. Guess we had too much to drink last night, huh? ... David please sit down." It was nearly a plea.

From somewhere David found a voice, although not his own authoritative one. "I'm sorry, I've got to go," he muttered as he pulled on his tie. "Got to go," he repeated as if for emphasis.

He stumbled into the main room, feverishly looking for the front door. For a panic-stricken moment he thought there was none. Then it caught his eye, there, just behind the sofa. Somehow he managed to reach it and twist the handle.

"Got to go," he muttered for the third time as he fell into the hall, pulling the door closed behind him. An "Exit" light screamed above the door, and David ran through it and down into the street below.

Inside, the woman started to pack up the dishes and return them to the cupboard.

"See, he really wasn't very different," she said to no one in particular and calmly poured the coffee down the sink.

"Just a one night thing, like all the others. He was no different, just someone to use and throw away. It sure didn't bother me. I



knew he was no different all the time." She stopped, turned, and saw the crumpled bed sheets in the yellow light beam and hurled the empty cup onto the ground; it burst into a hundred fragments. She sank to the floor, weeping.



we'll stay
we've no time
and we'll
and we'll



MY CHIN'S GOT A VALLEY IN IT.

my chin's got a valley in it
where sometimes my thoughts come down to play
and laugh below my small red lips
trying to avoid the spray

i feel them dancing in my chin
and reach up my hand to brush them away
but they slip through my fingers like live white fish
to carry on their play

then sometimes in a game of hide and seek
one finds an upward way
climbing on pegs of blasted black hair
if i've forgotten to shave that day

he falls in my mouth with a plop and a cry
and i savour his taste like a mental gourmet
if pleased with my own little thought
i open my mouth and blow him away.

Graham Leggat

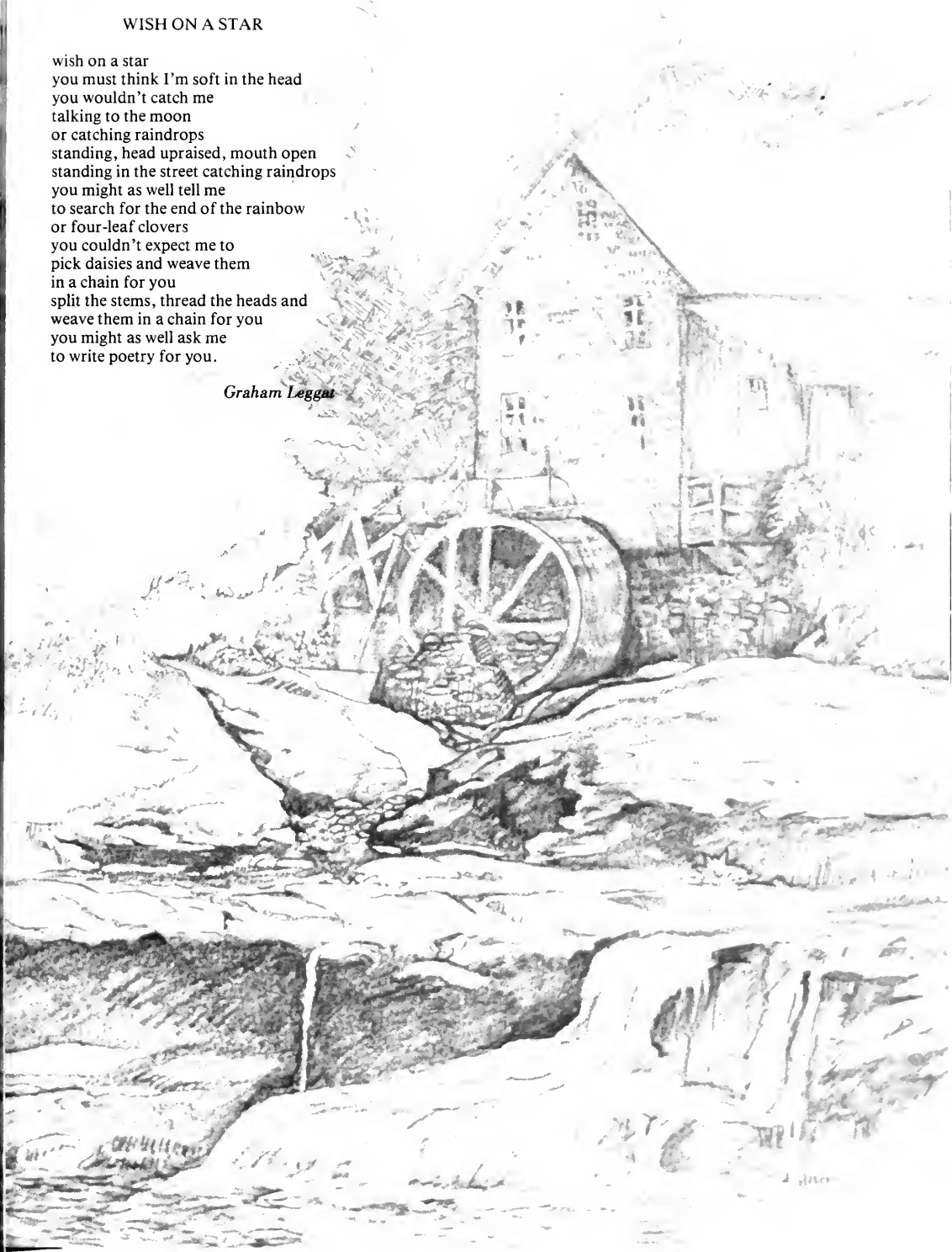
I lie in bed and watch the sky It
doesn't move it's good under pressure
... pink orange greyclouds ...
dark cloudworms sliding ... smears
across the sky ... clouds furrow the skybrow ...
- the sky has black streaks in it!

Graham Leggat

WISH ON A STAR

wish on a star
you must think I'm soft in the head
you wouldn't catch me
talking to the moon
or catching raindrops
standing, head upraised, mouth open
standing in the street catching raindrops
you might as well tell me
to search for the end of the rainbow
or four-leaf clovers
you couldn't expect me to
pick daisies and weave them
in a chain for you
split the stems, thread the heads and
weave them in a chain for you
you might as well ask me
to write poetry for you.

Graham Leggat



While Waiting in a Bar

by Richard Woolley

Part I (Him)

The girl at the bar has
long brown hair, an upturned nose,
and unbuttoned shirt.

Julie-Ann.

You sit by yourself, shunning
their eyes, avoiding their silent
advances.

Why do you come and
sit here, torturing yourself?
Nightly vigil, sad decay.
Are you waiting,
waiting for a little peace?

My God you have lonely eyes.

Part II (Her)

I like just to be here
where you can't touch me.
Away from the kaleidoscope
colours and your vile smell.

Pretty boy, with your pretty
eyes, and your pretty friends,
you may kiss my -

It all rushes so fast, swirls around
my eyes and head.

I can no longer see my feet -
the earth has swallowed them.

Five little girls,
All in a row, Play
nicely now. Long
blonde hair, neat
new pinafore tied
with a bow.

Giggle and screech,
around they run.
But she's got dirt on
her hands and her
pants have slipped
to the ground.

Boys and girls and merry-go-rounds,
make-believe and fantasy
I want to go back, to go home,
away from your mess and tired ideas.

The Queen of tarts has
lost her heart,
The Knave took it clean away.

Part III (Him again)

This loud, smoky room --
"Bring us a drink --"
has become crowded now.
Yet you still sit all alone,
An oasis, the edge of the storm.
"At last. Sit
down. Have you just
arrived? I've been waiting."
Good-bye lonely child.
Time rots all things.

Genius

By Andrew Newell

In every society, a small number of people have been elevated by the opinion of humanity to the status almost of a different species from the rest of us -- the men of genius. "Genius" is a word which inspires awe -- awe for the inscrutable.

We would like to know how the thought processes of a genius differ from those of ordinary men, but the obstacles are tremendous. We are not, after all, completely agreed even as to who is a genius. Some would accord the honour to a handful; others have based their judgement on an "I.Q." level that would make genius a fairly common thing in our society.

It would probably be best to restrict our discussion to those men who everyone agrees were geniuses, and ask ourselves how they achieved so much. Here our second great difficulty presents itself: the genius rarely leaves any record of the germination of his ideas.

To illustrate our point, let us consider the mathematician Carl Friedrich Gauss, possibly the greatest mathematician of all time. His book *DISQUISITIONS ARITHMETICAE* is considered a very difficult book to read. Since his motto was "few but ripe", he never published a work unless it was a perfectly integrated whole. As a result, the contents of his book constitute, like Stonehenge, a very impressive monument -- but one wonders how it got there.

Nevertheless, the genius does leave us the finished product, which is certainly studied to great profit. The great geniuses were prolific: while some distinguished men have left behind a single work to posterity, the truly great had an outstanding output. The task of examining all the art of Michelangelo, the music of Mozart, or the writings of Goethe is appalling in its magnitude.

It may be safely said, therefore, that men of genius exercised their gift constantly. Their devotion to their art is complete. Bertrand Russell once said that the thing which impressed him most about great men was their simplicity, a quality seen very obviously in Einstein, for example, who had a total lack of self-interest in the pursuit of his chosen field.

Most thoughtful people rebel against the popular notion that genius is another word for sudden inspiration. It would be wrong, however, to ignore inspiration completely. A great thinker acquires a feel for his subject, and often he can visualize some new concept long before he can express it in terms that others can understand. One mathematician claimed that in periods of intense concentration he could actually "see" the fourth dimension. Our language has its limitations, and there is great wisdom in the Buddhist notion that silence is on the road to real truth.

The period which probably taxes a genius the most is the time that he must translate his ideas into a com-



municable form. To achieve an adequate translation, he must be painstaking to a very fine degree. Einstein admits that the months leading to his completion of the General Theory of Relativity were the hardest in his life.

Perhaps one question which may be important in the future is whether or not genius is hereditary. To what extent is it some immutable quantity handed to us at birth? Is the genius of an individual a manifestation of an "evolutionary genius," in Shaw's words, which tends towards the creation of better men?

The human brain seems, from all appearances, to have a capacity far beyond its actual use. Will science find a way to unleash new powers of the mind? Perhaps some new genius of the future will tell us the answer.





ACTIVITIES



**AND
EVENTS**



For this year's Family Picnic, a barbecue was held on the headmaster's lawn. The sun, warm and golden, hung in a cloudless sky. From where we sat on the hill below Colley House, we could appreciate the time and effort that had gone into this affair. Tables covered with colourful cloth groaned beneath the weight of food, drinks and Appleby souvenirs. The Women's Association, through the sale of these goods, would once again raise an appreciable sum to put towards school causes. Attendance for the event was encouraging and everyone chattered cheerfully until the food arrived. The foot deserves special mention both for its excellence and its appearance. The two huge joints of roast beef, steaming and mouth-watering, were brought out onto the lawn. They were so large that someone sitting beside me questioned whether our familiar canine-friend (Yogi) had not met with an end befitting his role as beloved school mascot. Our fears were put to rest however when we saw him lumbering towards the table to get a head start of the eating.

It was a relaxed, leisurely afternoon. An afternoon when one could sit back, talk to people one had not seen for a while, and feast handsomely. In all, a very enjoyable event and one whose success we again owe to the hardworking members of the Women's Association. When looking back from the cold, winter months ahead we will undoubtedly remember this warm and pleasant occasion.



Family Picnic





This year the Christmas candle light service was, as so many in the past have been, a complete success. Where as we hear the usual school boy's cynical remarks before the service, it is interesting to note how little we hear afterwards. Of course there are always those who are much too clever for the services'

music and the friendly atmosphere that can only be found in chapels as apposed to churches, all combined to create nothing less than a very Christmas message, and those who's intellect is insulted and bored by the tradition. But eventually these boys grow up.

The combination of candle-light,

pleasant hour and a half. And gauging by the fact we have to spend this hour and a half packed in like something resembling sardines bears witness that there are many people who share this feeling and come back every year without fail.

R. Woolley

The Chapel



WEDDINGS IN THE CHAPEL

July 1st, 1978 - Glen Otto Dickens and Mary Elisabeth Carr
 July 28th, 1978 - Peter Lindsay McAlister and Christine Helene Begg
 August 26th, 1978 - Robert Peter Max and Lesley Maj Dickens
 September 23rd, 1978 - Ian Harold Box and Susan Lynne Odell
 April 28th, 1979 - Michael Verdun Barber and Janet Lee Pride
 May 26th, 1979 - Briane Rae Fleming and Leanne Dale Ekeland

BAPTISMS IN THE CHAPEL

July 1st, 1978 - David Charles Anthony Windeler
 August 27, 1978 - Mary Elizabeth Unsworth
 Daniel Wilton Belford
 October 14th, 1978 - Robert William MacRae Kennedy
 October 15th, 1978 - Sarah Anne Shorney
 October 22nd, 1978 - Scott Alexander Snowden
 October 29th, 1978 - William Marshall Des Roches
 December 3rd, 1978 - Marc David Stables

CONFIRMATION

On April 29th, 1979
 The Right Reverend John C. Bothwell, Bishop of Niagara Diocese, confirmed:

K.C. Bascombe
 Robert Dal Bianco
 Andrew Dobell
 John Durdan
 David Durdan
 John Easson
 James Gairdner
 John Galway
 Stewart Henderson
 John Home
 Anthony Hueton

James MacKay
 Mark Manifold
 James McCarter
 Gavin McCulloch
 Peter McConnell
 Richard McKibbin
 Michael Merry
 Wayne Morris
 Richard Schooling
 Jason Smith
 Jonathan Stark



Display Day

"Parents' Day" at Appleby changed this year for two reasons. First, the day was not set aside for just the parents, but for anybody in the community who cared to come. Also, Parents' Day was incorporated with the cadet inspection, which is much more convenient than the previous arrangement which consisted of two separate events.

The morning was devoted to displays in the classroom building, dining hall and rugby field. There was a minor film festival in the projection room; the features included a film about Appleby by the C.B.C., a film about Appleby by the students, and two Northward Bound films. The History department was showing off its audio-visual equipment and teaching aids. The Mathematics display had a range of projects on view which ranged from complex to absolutely undecipherable in most people's minds. In the Chemistry lab were such displays as a model volcano and a mouse intelligence test (the female was smarter!). Biology displays showed such things as animals, plants and living "things" which were neither flora nor fauna. The library also had displays, and the hard-working Argus staff had a display in the dining hall.

The afternoon featured the Cadet Inspection. After the Cadets had been sufficiently scrutinized, they proceeded to show that there was more to the Cadet programme than marching. Displays and demonstrations included shooting, archery and canoeing. The pre-North programme had a pot of "brew" ready for any victim ... er ... person to sample. Fortunately, the First Aid display was nearby.

Parents, friends and even strangers to the school got a chance during the open house to see what actually goes on at Appleby; it is hoped that all of the work spent on preparations was appreciated.

by Bob Maxwell



Students' Council and Dances

As a committee, which in theory, is responsible for providing the basis for Student Activities, it must be said that the committee this year started with their throttles on full, providing as many opportunities which seemed stimulating and beneficial to the students as possible.

It is unfortunate, however, that having provided the opportunities for the community to grasp that there was so little enthusiasm by the school to actually really want to see the issues carried out.

A committee such as this can only go so far as to providing the opportunities to the school, the rest must come from "the men at the top" who must promote the excitement, and inevitably the success.

This year Martin Baggaley really accepted his promotion as President of the Committee, having "learned the ropes" as last year's Secretary. He always cleared the issues at hand and was always first to motion the adjournment of the meetings.

Paul Bundschuh, as the anointed Secretary of the Committee this year was always at hand with a wad of paper to capture the essential minutes of the meeting, but never able to second Martin's motion because he was too busy writing.

Much to the Committee's relief we did manage to organize dates for three successful "record hops". Successful, despite having on occasion a D.J. who would switch an L.P. to 33 from 45 r.p.m.'s half way through a song.

But those who really saw to the success of the dances had a very large gap to fill when the school lost "Herb" Hall last year. Maybe that's why it took the skills of 7 of the grade 12 "fellas" including Ian Hueton, Nigel Day, David Holland, John Hayward, Richard Hickling, Mike Forsythe, and Mike Appleby to make our dances such a success.



It is not often when the opportunity arises for father to just be "one of the boys". Nor is it too often that the guys spend their Saturday nights in the company of their fathers. So once again this year Appleby invited the fathers in for our annual father and son night.

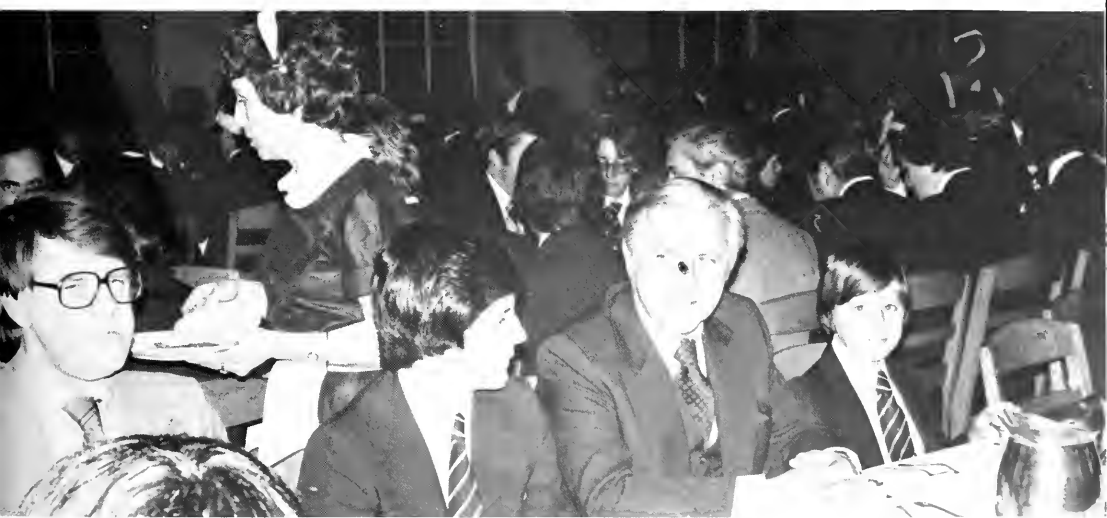
The night was a great success, making missing a Saturday night not quite so painful. The crowded dining hall was filled with laughter and smiles as the sons showed their fathers the school spirit that Appleby possesses. After the banquet the old boys rolled in to prepare themselves for the lesson they all swore they would teach us.

The two sports which were heavily visited by spectators proved to be so close that fans from both sides never left their toes. The Appleby squad managed to finish off the old boy basketball team only with the assistance of an overtime. Our hockey team, up against a bench and a half of mean looking former stars, also managed to squeeze out a victory. I'm sure both teams of old boys will be looking for revenge when the school again offers the challenge.

A great time was had by all and I hope all the fathers will look forward to joining our ranks again next year.

Chris Ricketts

Father and Son Night



Pumpkin Night '78

On the night of October 22, just after the boarders had returned from a weekend, a freak tornado hit Appleby. This tornado had picked up a number of pumpkins from a farm and dropped them at very carefully selected places only on the school grounds. It is believed that this tornado stayed at Appleby for about 3 hours, and for the most part totally silent. During the 3 hours the tornado was very active; it scattered furniture from most of the classrooms, re-assembled a classroom out of doors, piled high the hymn books in the foyer of the chapel and scattered canoes and toilet paper in many places. It even spread the contents of a jar of analgesic balm throughout a certain classroom. Even though this tornado had enough power to open locked doors, lift canoes and desks, and scatter hymn books, there was no loss or damage of property. In fact, the entire campus was put back to proper order within a few hours the next morning.

Similar pumpkin-carring tornadoes have hit Appleby in the past, most often on the eve of Halloween. However, 2 years ago the tornado did not pay for the pumpkins and so last year's tornado was prevented by the protective measures which were

insisted upon by the school. Unfortunately, this year's unpredictable weather produced a freak tornado before Appleby could renew their damage insurance.



Dr. McClure

On the evening of March 6 this year, Doctor R.B. McClure paid Appleby College a visit to give us a lecture. The idea sounded pretty doubtful to some students, but Doctor McClure quelled any doubts as soon as he began to speak.

Dr. McClure is a fascinating man who has had a biography written about him called, "The China Years." Dr. McClure has, in fact, spent much of his life in the Far East, and was able to regale his audience with several interesting anecdotes from his years there. Dr. McClure spent much of his youth in the Far East before returning in his late teens to take his final two years of school in Toronto. After graduating, he studied medicine. By

the time he was 21 he was a doctor. Dr. McClure returned to China in time to become caught in the Sino-Japanese war. From there, he went on to work in places where he hobnobbed with headhunters and other such characters. In telling some of his adventures, Doctor McClure also revealed much to us about humane nature, and on Canada's role in a changing world. When Doctor McClure concluded his speech, he let others toss their two cents in by questioning him. All in all, Doctor McClure provided a richly informative hour for those who came to listen. Thanks for coming, Doctor McClure.

Mark Baker

Debating



This past year has proved to be yet another active and enlightening year for the Appleby College Debating Society. Hardly a weekend went by without a debating tournament as our debating teams competed all over Southern Ontario.

We started early in the fall by hosting Appleby's Fulford Cup Tournament, the first in a new format whereby each school sends a different 8-man team to each of the year's 3 Fulford Tournaments. Appleby's Tournament, in November, replaced our regular Invitational Tournament and by all accounts was a roaring success. The other two Fulford Tournaments were held at Trinity College and St. Andrews College. Overall, Appleby finished fifth of eight in the senior division, and fourth of eight in the junior division -- a creditable performance for a relatively small school in a fiercely competitive league.

Appleby also did well at the Halton Regional Finals, dominating the tournament. Chris Thompson went on to the Ontario Provincial Finals in April, held in London, and placed about half way up the field. We were also invited to a great many tournaments during the course of the year. In



FRONT ROW: Mutimer, Follows, Haldane, Gordon, Bonfield, Woolley.
SECOND ROW: Duncan, S. Baines, Speich, Dorion, King, Samuel.
THIRD ROW: Allen, Pollock, Stoneham, Linton, Ricketts, Campbell.
BACK ROW: Baker, Newell, Baker, 2; Thompson, Harmer, Leggat, Mr. Humphreys.

these we held our own, particularly in Toronto, where the calibre of debating is very high. For these successes and other services rendered, present Debating Tie holders decided to extend the franchise to Chris Ricketts, Michael Speich and Adam Gordon.

Perhaps the Debating Society's greatest achievement this year has been its development of very strong and enthusiastic debaters in Grades 9 and 10. Many of these boys started with the Society by participating in our weekly informal impromptu debates with St. Mildred Lightbourne School. Thanks to the co-ordinating efforts of Chris Ricketts and Bruce Corley, every Tuesday evening from October to May, featured one of these debates, where inexperienced debaters could practice and develop in a fun, unpressured atmosphere. Thank you St. Mildreds for the enjoyable shared times.

Our development of the younger debaters was continued by Appleby's (first) interhouse debating competition, the first time it has been run in three years. These

debates were organized by Mike Speich, and only the houses' junior debaters were allowed to participate. Colley House won the competition, now keeping the Caribou Cup until next year.

I would now like to particularly thank Mr. Bill Humphreys for his tireless devotion to debating, not only as our tenacious coach by also in his capacity as Treasurer of the Ontario Student Debating Union. Mr. Humphreys has brought the valuable activity of debating to a great number of fortunate students. All of us in the Society want him to know that we really do appreciate his Trojan-Like hard work of this year and all the years past in what is an important, yet essentially unthanked position.

And so another year of debating draws to a close. Thank you Mr. Humphreys, for five good years, and the best of luck in your next 'Five-Year Plan' with a Society of such promising young debaters.

Chris Thompson



THANKS FOR 50 YEARS HILDA!!!

A cook for 50 years
still smiling

At 50 years, celebrated the anniversary of many of the nitarities and body in
with a girl friend, who had relatives in Guelph. The girl friend returned to Britain after only two months but it was the start of a new life for Hilda.

Was 21 she

Lakville Bo

WEDNESDAY MARCH 14, 1979

After 50 years of Appleby is still

Shire and go here
by 1978 CARLSON
Superior Staff

DARVELL - Dinner for 200...
Hilda Chittaway, head cook at Appleby College for 50 years, is escorted around the dining hall by a group of boys. She is smiling and looking at the camera. The boys are also smiling and looking at the camera. The dining hall is filled with tables and chairs, and there are many people in the background.

Hilda

IN THE PHOT

When Hilda Chittaway...
Hilda Chittaway, head cook at Appleby College for 50 years, is escorted around the dining hall by a group of boys. She is smiling and looking at the camera. The boys are also smiling and looking at the camera. The dining hall is filled with tables and chairs, and there are many people in the background.

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...and she is smiling and looking at the camera.

...and she is smiling and looking at the camera.

Reflections on 50 years

(Photo by Tim Chivers)

On March 14, 1979, Hilda Chittaway, head cook at Appleby College for 50 years, is escorted around the dining hall by a group of boys. She is smiling and looking at the camera. The boys are also smiling and looking at the camera. The dining hall is filled with tables and chairs, and there are many people in the background.

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Hilda Chittaway, head cook at Appleby College for 50 years, is escorted around the dining hall by a group of boys.

Boys cheer cook for 50 years

They cheered Hilda Chittaway yesterday. All 500 of the boys at Appleby College in Guelph, Ont., were in the dining hall to celebrate her 50th birthday.

Chittaway is head cook at Appleby College in Guelph, Ont., where she has worked for 50 years.

She is smiling and looking at the camera. The boys are also smiling and looking at the camera. The dining hall is filled with tables and chairs, and there are many people in the background.

faculty — "my family," as she calls them.

Appropriately, they honored her in the school dining room, after a lunch of fish, salad, apple pie and cheese.

Everything was ready —

William Davis, the silver tray from the boys and staff, a gold medal from the board of trustees.

But no one was sure Miss Chittaway would appear.

Just an hour before, she

"She's very shy, planned one of the tea."

As soon as she heard of these plans, she threatened to walk out.

"Keep your fingers crossed," headmaster

Hilda Chittaway, head cook at Appleby College for 50 years, is escorted around the dining hall by a group of boys.

She is smiling and looking at the camera. The boys are also smiling and looking at the camera. The dining hall is filled with tables and chairs, and there are many people in the background.

...and she is smiling and looking at the camera.

...and she is smiling and looking at the camera.

...and she is smiling and looking at the camera.

Thursday Activities

... another editorial

"Get up and get moving!"



The Thursday Activity Program has survived a three year period of experimentation with only moderate success. At the end of the third year it seems unlikely that the program will become permanent in the Appleby schedule unless a few essential changes are made.

The purpose of the program is to provide the boys with free time which they can use constructively. Ideally, it would have worked on a laissez-faire system. It was expected that the boys would take an interest, and get involved in the various activities on their own free will. Such has not been the case for the vast majority. Too many people have chosen to ignore the many opportunities which are offered. They would rather spend Thursday afternoons asleep on their beds or tuned into "Mork and Mindy" (the latter has become the most popular activity from 8:00 to 8:30). The fact is that too many people do not know how to manage their free time. Three years of the program made this quite evident.

For such a program to be a success everyone must get involved. Up to now there has been little evidence of complete participation simply because people lack the initiative. The obvious solution is to make activities compulsory. This step has already been taken, but there is still some difficulty in getting everyone to attend. Many people have developed a certain prowess for avoiding their activities once they have signed up for them and many more have managed to pick two activities that meet on a limited basis. The latter is the ultimate display of total lack of initiative.

It is clear that the answer to the problem of how to make Thursday



activities successful is not an easy one. Simply making the program compulsory does not provide the solution, though it does take us one step closer.

If we consider the present system of freedom of choice to be extreme then the other extreme is to designate each boy to two activities, which the school feels will help him to develop into the best person

possible. The latter extreme is too harsh and would create a great deal of opposition. However it is closer to the answer than the present system is, because it exposes the boy to activities which will be most beneficial. This is the ultimate goal of the program, and therefore the best system will be structured around making certain that the activity is in the best in-



terests of the boy's future. Somehow this must be accomplished without creating any resentment from the boy.

The first step would be to do away with those activities that qualify as recreation. The best activity is one which will contribute to the boy's cultural development. Recreation already takes up a large part of most peoples' spare time,

and has little to offer in the way of culture. Once this is done the list would include several very beneficial activities. The list would then be divided up into different categories depending on the nature of the activities. Each boy would have to choose two activities from separate lists. The lists would be divided up so as to assure that a boy could not pick two similar acti-

vities.

Tim Pike

Public Speaking



This year's public speaking competition consisted of the usual mixed bag of offerings. There was a whole spectrum of speeches of various levels of hilarity ranging from Colin Richard's "Party Etiquette" comedy routine to Andrew Newell's talk on "Stars." Between these two extremes there were speeches of a more contemporary and immediate nature. Mark Mull did an admirable job of analyzing the effects of nuclear power, after which Chris Thompson amused us with his "Satire on the Appleby College Development Fund." Doug Campbell began the evening with his talk on writing and delivering a speech, - something all the competitors were adept at.

Perhaps the only thread of similarity holding the speeches together was the high quality of each presentation. It must have been hard for the judges to decide on a single winner, but they did decide, and Richard Woolley, who spoke on "Sex and Violence in Nursery Rhymes", was announced the winner.

Richard went on to represent the College at an Independent Schools competition at UTS in May.

Special thanks should be extended to the judges, Mr. McManus, Mrs. C. Dorion and The Band also deserves an honourable mention for their very successful attempts at entertaining us during the intermission.

Martin Baggaley



Old Boys' Association Gifts

It used to seem that the Old Boys' Association's only involvement with the student body were the football, hockey and rugby games between the respective first team and the Old Boys' team. However, as the Association has grown, so has its involvement in school activities. In the past two years, the Association has presented gifts to the school. The year before this, a pair of vases was donated to the Chapel in the memory of E.L. Bott, a former staff mem-

ber at the school and former Old Boys' secretary. This year, in honour of Hilda Chattaway's fifty years as cook, they are planting a chestnut tree. A tree has been planted once before, to commemorate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. The Old Boys' Association can rest assured that all gifts, past and present, will meet with nothing but appreciation.

Bob Maxwell



Cancer Drive

This year again the Cancer Society asked our school for help with their annual cancer drive, and there was an enthusiastic response. About forty volunteers, led by Daryl Beckett, Nick Wood and myself, and with Mr. Large co-ordinating, canvassed the area for donations. The objective of the National Campaign is 16.5 million dollars, most of which will be spent on research and education.

One of the purposes of the Campaign, in addition to raising money, is to educate the public by handing out free information. The canvassers had to face a little unpleasantness once or twice, but the response of most people was good: we raised over \$1300 this year. We thank everyone who went out for the Cancer Drive.

A. Newell

CADETS

From September until May the Cadet program is in progress. This program is compulsory for grades 9 and 10 and it involves a multitude of activities.

Most people are under the general impression that the only object of Cadets is to prepare for the annual inspection. This basically means drill, marching, more drill, and more marching. However, Cadets also includes the Northward Bound Program and all the Pre-North activities here on the southern campus. The boys however often fail to establish the connection. You can't have one without the other. Perhaps if the boys were able to realize this they would not find the Parade aspect so unbearable.

This year the activities for the Cadets other than going up North included; Map and Compass training, a standard first aid course (the boys must pass the final test in order to be allowed to go up north), canoe dumping and rescue, and for the Grade 10's, a trip to Winona Rifle Range to use the FN rifles of the Canadian Armed Forces. There are also many other useful activities which are just too numerous to mention.

With regard to the annual inspection, it went quite smoothly this year, contrary to Mr. Larsen's expectations. Every year bad weather threatens to confine us to the arena. This year however, the weather was beautiful; sunny, but not too hot. The Inspection also fell on the same day as Appleby's Annual Open House so the crowd was even larger than usual. Things got under way at about two o'clock and the actual parade was over by about two thirty. The corps looked sharp and the boys did their best; what more could one ask for?

Following the parade there were displays of various cadet activities and then everyone returned to the Main Field for the Headmaster's speech and the Inspecting Officer's remarks. The Head's remarks were complimentary, which was a nice change from two days earlier.

The boys seem to frown upon the Cadet program, but come Inspection Day and they all seem to try their best and participate wholeheartedly.







"The idea is to challenge a person so they find something within themselves which they did not realize existed. This can have an electrifying effect on somebody who normally perhaps, was doubtful about his own ability. I know it had an effect on me, which has lasted ever since. There are a lot of things in life which need doing that you may not like the idea of doing. This is the whole idea of duty." (H.R.H. Prince Charles commenting on his six month stay at TIMBERTOP, Australia and Gordonstoun, Scotland: Time magazine May 15, 1978).

With the educational experimentation that was carried on in Ontario during the 60's and early 70's, large numbers of schools at the secondary level were realizing that something had gone wrong. The traditional form of education no longer met the demands of our youth or prepared them for a rapidly changing society. The Public System went through the upheaval and lowering of standards brought on by the permissive philosophy of the Hall-Dennis Report and the ending of external Senior Matriculation examinations. The traditional Independent Schools tended to ignore the disastrous ex-



perimentation of that period and clung to the British tradition of intellectual excellence, physical fitness and sound discipline. However, they too realized that intelligent change was necessary to keep pace with a very demanding and practically minded student who felt that to be "cloistered in hallowed ivy covered walls," no longer prepared them adequately. A viable alternative or adjunct to the existing system was essential that would, at the same time, maintain all the positive aspects of their system and yet fill this new growing need.

During the early 1970's the Minister of Education for Ontario, Mr. Wells, in a number of public speeches started advocating, "education outside the classroom as well as in;" this would create the practical training that students desired. Because the Independent System was not shackled by the Provincial Department of Education, it seemed a likely place for any pioneering. Across Canada a number of these schools had been dabbling with outdoor education as an adjunct to the normal academic process: Public Schools began courses in environmental studies and practical field trips but neither system was willing to make a full

commitment to this area.

An English-German educator, K. Hahn in the 1940's devised the Outward Bound concept in order to toughen up sea-cadets, create discipline and teach them practical skills essential to survival. This was so successful that educators felt that it could be intergrated with the formal academic programme. GORDONSTOUN in Scotland which Prince Charles attended, made it the keystone in its philosophy along with academic excellence. TIMBERTOP, the Geelong Grammer School's Outward Bound Campus in Australia, had begun its successful experiment in this area some 26 years ago. THE WORLD COLLEGE OF THE ATLANTIC in Southern Wales had its birth during this time period and can now boast of two other such colleges: one in Singapore, the other in Western Canada. A chain of Outward Bound Schools now exist throughout the world, three of which are in Canada. These schools are based purely on the Kurt Hahn philosophy and are not connected with any Secondary School System. However a number of these schools offer courses that have creditation with various Universities. THE KEREMEOS

MOUNTAIN SCHOOL in British Columbia is the oldest Canadian Outward Bound School and offers year around courses of two weeks to a month to students and adults. I attended the Teacher's Practicum Course there and its intended purpose was to show the relevancy and practical application of the Outward Bound Philosophy in the educational process.

It was obvious from my visit to ATLANTIC COLLEGE and my recent sabbatical to TIMBERTOP that the practical application of the Outward Bound Philosophy to our educational system could be highly successful. It does, however, require a total commitment by the institution concerned if it is to be of value. The book, TIMBERTOP - AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT will prove interesting reading to anyone interested in this unique development. (Texts are hard to come by but I gather that with a new growing demand, a new printing will be out by next year.) The educators at Geelong felt so strongly about the positive effects of utilizing the out-of-doors in conjunction with academic excellence that all grade 9 students, both boys and girls, are sent to its mountain campus for the complete

E.R.:

II



school year. After that they return to the upper school campus, Corio, in Geelong, to finish their last three years. Not only are the students responsible for completing a full academic year but they must also meet the rigorous physical demands and community spirit that TIMBERTOP demands. The Campus, 1,000 acres of beautiful mountainous country, consists of 165 students, 45 of whom are girls. There is also a permanent staff of 25, plus a number of assistants (teenagers averaging 18 years of age, chosen from various parts of the world and from young people wishing to experience the Outward Bound flavour of TIMBERTOP.) This younger age group of students has one outstanding factor - a far greater enthusiasm and willingness to try anything.

All students live in units of 14, in huts around the property; each unit is responsible for the maintenance, the cleanliness and the running of their own hut (each contains a dormitory, living-room, study area, small kitchen, and running water for toilets and showers, - the water being heated by wood-burning boilers). Consequently each unit becomes a closely knit group: unit leaders are chosen weekly, thus allowing for leadership development. Full academic studies are carried out in classrooms during the week. All students are trained physically over a period of time, until they are all in excellent health and in top physical condition. I have never been involved in any academic institution that has their students in better physical shape. (Their final marathon in the summer term is 21 miles long over extremely rugged terrain). In 26 years of operation not one student has failed to complete this run, and this includes a boy with only one leg. Training and conditioning for mountain climbing and hiking is carefully prepared and developed. Individual unit hikes are organized Tuesday through Friday (one unit only, per week) with all units out climbing for the weekend. Each climb is scaled in difficulty, and the students build up accordingly. All the staff are heavily involved in

the programme. Self-discipline, responsibility, community spirit, physical conditioning, leadership and outdoor skills are stressed in this way.

During the Winter Term (June - September) students are involved in downhill skiing and Nordic skiing in the mountains. In the third term, their Summer, there is a return to free hiking; and a new skill, white water Kayaking is added. By the end of the third term Timbertop students have become mature, responsible and very capable, young members of society.

Beyond the above activities, as well as handling a full grade 9 academic programme, the students are responsible for carrying out the day to day duties of the school: dining room, cleaning of classrooms, garbage, laundry, wood collecting and splitting (Timbertop burns approximately 500 tons of wood a year.) as well as general repair and maintenance duties.

All the schools I visited stressed co-operation rather than competition; a sense of team-work and initiative; a will to work together to get through; an ability to put up with the nagging little habits of others - and to recognize some of one's own. The old and well used Outward Bound term of "meaningful stress", which brings out the best in people and which helps them work with others towards a common goal, is an essential part of all the Schools. No matter what age group, these Schools are basically concerned with young people's learning to live with, and relate to, each other.

Returning to the Canadian scene, in 1972 the Headmaster of Appleby College, Mr. E.R. Larsen, decided that the time had come to make a firm commitment in this area. Along with the kind financial generosity of Mr. S.B. McLaughlin, this idea became a reality and a Northern Campus, called NORTHWARD BOUND was established on Lake Temagami, in the semi-wilderness of the North Arm, some 300 miles from Toronto. In order to ensure the importance of our project to students and education in general we decided to apply to the Depart-

ment of Education for full creditation for the four year programme starting in grade 9. After two years of operation the Department enthusiastically gave a total of three credits for the programme. This now meant that a student wishing to continue being involved in the Northern Campus, after grade 10, for the next two years, could train to become a Northern Instructor and at the same time acquire three Provincial credits towards his grade 12 matriculation. Anyone interested in understanding how our Northern Campus operates should read the article published in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT SCHOOL JOURNAL, by the Headmaster and Staff Committee, vol. 1, number 2, 1976, entitled, "Appleby Northward Bound Programme".

Appleby's Northern Campus is now in its sixth year of operation and has become an integral part of the College life. With this new, added dimension, Appleby has become unique amongst the Canadian Independent Schools. Other schools from the Maritimes to the West coast have been developing the use of the outdoors as part of their educational process. Naturally this requires expert guidance - good leaders and excellent

training at all stages of development. Last year's canoeing disaster in Quebec should not dissuade anyone from continuing their programmes. It certainly should however make all institutions, involved in this area, reflect and re-assess their training and safety programmes. That trip was doomed from the very beginning as the Coroner's report indicated - due to lack of expert guidance, poor or non-existent training and a senseless challenge for that age group. Consistent training, expert advice and common sense are essential for experimentation in the Outward Bound Philosophy.

In conclusion it is particularly appropriate that we quote from Kurt Hahn. He has stated; "I regard it as the foremost task of education to insure the survival of these qualities: an enterprising curiosity, an undefeatable spirit, tenacity in pursuit, readiness for sensible self-denial and above all compassion". It is toward the achievement of these ideals that these schools shall continue to struggle.

*C.W. Noble
Director,
Northward Bound.*





E.R. III





When I returned from my final two week stint as a Northward Bound instructor last winter, somebody asked me what I thought I had gained from the program, and at the time I didn't know how to answer this most distressing question. Even now, having spent a great deal of time contemplating the problem I still find it difficult to give what sounds like a decent, sensible and coherent answer.

Whatever I have gathered is something intangible. You can't simply grab it, hold it up for everybody to see and say, "this is what I received." Even words can't compensate for the intangibility of what I have gained - it's just a sort of inner feeling, a sense of confidence and responsibility. But this is probably confusing to someone who hasn't been through the program. Perhaps then, the best way to describe what I have gotten out of the north is to relate an experience whose gains were a bit more obvious than usual.

In the fall of 1978, in my debut as a Northern Instructor, I got lost in the Temagami wilderness. I guess my concentration was at a low ebb-maybe because it was late afternoon and the last day of a four-day trip. Anyway, all of a sudden I didn't know where I was. It was raining heavily and I couldn't see more than about five hundred yards. Lightning made menacing flashes at our three aluminum canoes so I headed into shore, which only added to my confusion. I glanced from terrain to map and back again but I still couldn't find where I was. The rain stung my eyes and made my map impossible to read. Then for a short five minutes that seemed like an hour I realized what the program was all about. All in one instant a million questions flooded my mind: Should I let the patrol know the problem? Should I press on? Should I wait for the storm to pass? For that one instant I felt true responsibility and what it meant to make a quick rational decision.

That one moment was the essence of Northward Bound instruction. The fact that I'm writing this is proof that everything turned out all right. What I have gained from the northern experience and that happening in particular, will never be lost.

That's what Northward Bound is all about.

Rob Cartotto

Sports Day

RESULTS

OPEN

	First	Second
100 metres	Don Green	Tim Pike
110 metres hurdles	Don Green	Dan Sell
200 metres	Don Green	Richard Woolley
400 metres	Don Green	Richard Woolley
J.D. Carruthers Challenge Cup for the		
800 metres	Doug Campbell	Dave Burke
G.W. Robinson Memorial Trophy for the		
1500 metres	Dave Burke	Niall O'Driscoll
High Jump	Peter Boyle	Ray Casey
Long Jump	Don Green	David Green
Javelin	Iain Hueton	Peter Meredith
Shot Put	Tim Pike	Peter Logan
Discus	Doug Campbell	Peter Boyle
Cricket Ball Throw	Iain Hueton	Mark Manifold

INTERMEDIATE

	First	Second
100 metres	Mike DeJaray	Louis Headley
110 metres hurdles	Nick Wood	Louis Headley
200 metres	Louis Headley	Paul Stewart
400 metres	Mike DeJaray	Rich Jobin
800 metres	Nick Wood	Rich Jobin
1500 metres	Bruce Corley	Andrew Ross
High Jump	Hal Turnbull	Bart Sambrook
Long Jump	Hal Turnbull	Nick Wood
Javelin	Nick Wood	Bart Sambrook
Shot Put	Nick Wood	Mark Manifold
Discus	Darryl Smith	John Pritchard
W.S. David Cup for the Intermediate		
Track and Field Champion	Nick Wood	Mike DeJaray

INTER-HOUSE

Relay Races - Intermediate	
4 x 400 Relay	1. Walker ... 2. Powell's ... 3. Colley
4 x 100 Relay	1. Colley ... 2. Walker ... 3. Powell's
Relay Races - Open	
4 x 200 Relay	1. Powell's ... 2. Walker ... 3. Colley
(S.W. Jamieson Cup)	
Mixed Medley Relay	1. Colley ... 2. Walker ... 3. Powell's
(The Vreeland Cup)	
Tug-of-War	1. Walker ... 2. Colley ... 3. Powell's
The Challenge Cup for the Inter-House	
Track and Field Championship	1. Powell's (293 pts.) 2. Walker (200 pts.) 3. Colley (141 pts.)

The Victor Ludorum Challenge Cup
presented by Mrs. E.H. Ambrose

Don Green	Tim Pike
(26 pts)	Iain Hueton
	Doug Campbell
	(10 pts.)

The G. Herbert Carter Award for the
outstanding athlete in grades 9 to 13

Old Boys' Race

1. Brian Davies	2. Dave Smith
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Niall O'Driscoll

Closing Day



Grade 9E	General Proficiency	John New
	General Progress	Steve Allan
Grade 9AS	General Proficiency	John Richardson
	General Progress	Kevin Thompson
Grade 9AW	General Proficiency	Michael Genereux
	General Progress	Erroll Munn
Grade 10E	General Proficiency	Jonathon Haldane
	General Progress	David Durdan
Grade 10AD	General Proficiency	Jan-Chris Koenders
	General Progress	Adrian Graham
Grade 10AH	General Proficiency	Kyle O'Hearn
	General Progress	Craig Mull
Grade 11E	General Proficiency	Andrew Krempulec
	General Progress	Jeremy Hughes
Grade 11AM	General Proficiency	Kieth Stott
	General Progress	Bart Sambrook
Grade 11AS	General Proficiency	Angelo Paletta
	General Progress	Mark Gibson
Grade 12E	General Proficiency	Bob Maxwell
	General Progress	Niall O'Driscoll
Grade 12A	General Proficiency	Jamie Washington
	General Progress	Roger Cole

SUBJECT PRIZES, GRADE 12

Mrs. MacInnes Prize for Mathematics	Iain Hueton
The Canon J.A.M. Bell Prize for English	Rob Cartotto
Lady Baillie's Prize for Latin	Iain Hueton
Headmaster's Prize for Modern History	Andy Pollock
Special Prize for Geography	John Linton
Special Prize for Chemistry	Iain Hueton
The H.C. Hardwick Prize for French	Nick Wood
Special Prize for Physics	Bob Maxwell
Special Prize for Biology	Niall O'Driscoll
Special Prize for Business	Peter Ho
Special Prize for Spanish	Mike Speich





SUBJECT PRIZES, GRADE 13

Mrs. MacInnes Prize for Mathematics	Andrew Newell
The Canon J.A.M. Bell Prize for English	Graham Leggat
The Project English Prize	Graham Leggat
Special Prize for Geography	Sean Baines
Headmaster's Prize for Modern History	Sean Baines
The H.C. Hardwick Prize for French	Graham Leggat/Steve Harmer
Lady Baillie's Prize for Latin	Chris Thompson
Special Prize for Chemistry	Chris Thompson
Special Prize for Biology	Don Hamilton
Special Prize for Accounting	Paul Manifold
Special Prize for Economics	Mark Mull/Chris Ricketts

SPECIAL PRIZES

Northward Bound Prize for the Outstanding Instructor	
A.H. Campbell Memorial Gold Medal for the Best English Essay in Grade 12	Niall O'Driscoll
The Edin Heward Memorial Prize for Public Speaking	Richard Woolley
The Honourable W.D. Ross Prize for the Highest Standing in Grade 12	Bob Maxwell
The Honourable W.D. Ross Prize for the Highest Standing in Grade 13	Chris Thompson
The Williams Award for the Grade 10 Boy who in Scholarship and Athletics best typifies the Spirit of Appleby	Pete Follows
Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal for the Student in Grade 12, outstanding in Scholarship, Leadership and Sports during his Grade 11 and Grade 12 Years	Nick Wood
The Governor General's Medal to the Grade 13 Student outstanding in Scholarship, Leadership, Sports and Character	Graham Leggat
Special Prize for Outstanding Effort during his years at Appleby	Sean Baines
Senior School Citizenship Award	John Linton
The Keefe Prize for Music	Dave Piotrowski
Special Prize for Art	Pete Follows
The Miss Wethey Prize for the Most Improved Bandsman	Scott Anderson
The Jennings Award for Drama	Dave Holland
Creative Writing Prizes - Senior School	for high quality submissions in all four categories of fiction, non-fiction, drama and poetry - Graham Leggat

- poetry	Chris Thompson
- drama	Chris Thompson
- non-fiction	Andrew Newell
- short story	Richard Woolley
- short story	Rasko Ristic
- poetry (Honourable Mention) ..	Richard Woolley
- poetry (Honourable Mention)	Mark Bunting



Final Days: Part II

After supper on Thursdays the crew returns to the back of the library for a little leisurely reading. But there are only enough books for one - and when that one gets it ... he gets it!



Mr. Snowden torturing unruly Argus worker.



Mild-mannered unsupervised study students by day, at night become - SUPER-EDITORS.

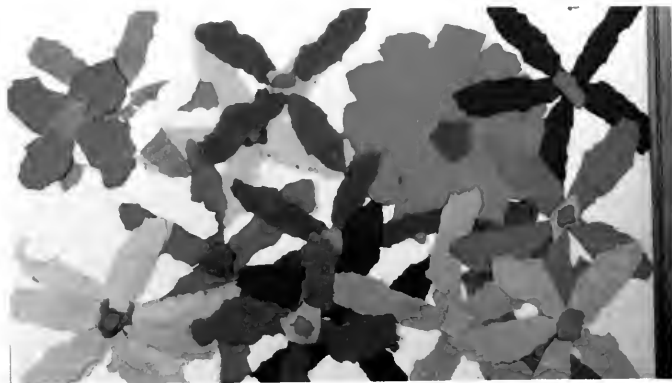


**THE FINAL DAYS
DAZE
PART II**

**WINNER
OF
6
ACADEMY
AWARDS
PRODUCED**

**ADMITANCE
RESTRICTED
TO THE INSANE**

**DIRECTED
BY: MR. SNOWMAN
& THE BOYS**





JUNIOR SCHOOL



Appointments



Richard Archer



John Easson



Toby Bronson

SCHOOL

Head Boy - John Easson
 Prefects - Richard Archer
 Toby Bronson
 Martin Moffatt
 Greg Williams

TRIBAL

Cayuga - G. Williams
 Mohawk - M. Moffatt
 Oneida - T. Bronson
 Seneca - M. Barr

ATHLETIC

Soccer - T. Bronson
 Cross-Country - T. Bronson
 Hockey - M. Moffatt
 Squash - A. Pepall
 Basketball - R. Archer
 Swimming - G. Williams
 Cricket - I. Gordon
 Tennis - A. Pepall



Martin Moffatt



Greg Williams

8A



FRONT ROW: Nightingale, Archer, Bronson, Barr, Piasecki.
 MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Nightingale, McMenemy, MacKay, Easson, MacKinnon, Durdan,
 McCarter, Peacock, Moffatt, Pepall, McNally.
 BACK ROW: Williams, McCarthy, Tarbet, Gordon, Nicholson, Krane, Buysschaert,
 Lewis.

8B



FRONT ROW: McKibbon, Sorokolit, De Josselin De Jong, Bruce, O'Reilly.
 MIDDLE ROW: Wackernagel, Hassal, Pih, Petkovich, Home, McConnell, Robbins.
 BACK ROW: Meredith, Genereux, Mr. McLean, Lewitt, Schooling, McCulloch,
 Lancaster, Dobell, Crawford.

7A

FRONT ROW: Willson, Kirkpatrick, Pepall, Kautzky, Millar.
MIDDLE ROW: Mattimoe, Moses, Guthrie, Evans, Feliciant, Seferian, Chlebus, Mr. Berriman.
BACK ROW: Taylor, Welsh, Bannister, Bascombe, Koenders, Makowy, Tam.



7B

FRONT ROW: Seguin, Galway, Merry, Gardner, Hendry, Cooper.
MIDDLE ROW: Leach, Borromeo, Gignac, Batty, Bruchal, Schuring, Morris, Mayo, Nenych, Mr. Rudgard.
BACK ROW: Mull, Henderson, Hays, Edgecombe, Sorokolit, Petersen, Ritchie.



6A

FRONT ROW: Mann, Stacey, Williams, Mr. Boyd, Vandeckerkhove, Matthews.
MIDDLE ROW: Follows, Pennachetti, L. Anderson, Shaw, G. Anderson, Horwood.
BACK ROW: Archer, Humeniuk, Stewart, Maris, Pamentier.



6B

FRONT ROW: Mahoney, Schutz, Skinner, MacDougal.
MIDDLE ROW: Thompson, Kendall, Sandford, McKenna,
Federchuk, Hunter, DuToit.
BACK ROW: Milburn, Bain, Mann, Wong, Jaworski, Mr. Shorney.



5

FRONT ROW: MacLennan, Wong, McCleary, Eckert, Bhar,
Davidson, Koenders.
MIDDLE ROW: Mann, Grant, Jones, Nicholson, Manning,
Neumann.
BACK ROW: Gross, Mr. Bailey, Jelinek, Garrod, Spidle.



4

FRONT ROW: Meek, Bell, Banks, Washington, Strachan, Berriman.
MIDDLE ROW: Neal, MacMurray, Hays, Sorokolit, Baillie,
Ochrym, MacAulay, Batty, Leeming, Mr. Workman.



Junior School House



In September we welcomed no less than twelve new boys to the house; they came from places as far apart as Jamaica and Nigeria and ranged from Grade 4 to Grade 8. From the very start these boys fitted into the house and they and the ten "old boys" formed one of the happiest groups we have had in recent years. The year has passed uneventfully and is remarkable in that there is little to relate in terms of crises or unusual happenings.

Recreational activities have been varied as always with early morning skating and evening baseball being among the most popular. The new cross-country skis survived their first winter and were particularly

favoured by the boys from overseas. Once again the Grade 8's, numbering seven this year, enjoyed a final evening out at the Hamilton Mountain Bowl followed by Pizza at Mr. Berriman's apartment. We say goodbye to John Durdan, Sylvester Pih, Andrew Dobell and Peter McConnell, who have been with us for one year, Lawrence McNally who has been with us for two years and Richard Wackernagel and Greg Williams who are three year veterans. We wish them well in their new beginnings in the Senior School and hope they will return to visit JSH from time to time.

As the year passed and the time to leave the old house for the last time came nearer many thoughts turned to the prospect of spending the fall term in huts on the lawn outside and even further to the new facilities that will be created inside the old walls. Plans of the layout and drawings of the new furniture caused much interest and generally favourable comment. Of all the changes, the situation of the common room in our own area of the building is most welcome and should go a long way to completing the concept of a Junior School House as a separate and complete entity within the School.

This evening, June 26th, I went into the old house to see how the work was progressing. After climbing over mountains of rubble in what had been the stairwell, I finally got up into the dorm - there was literally nothing left from the windows of Mr. Boyd's apartment to the windows of my living room. Not a trace of the warmth colour or comradeship that had been so much a part of that place, was left. Those of us who return there in the depths of winter next year will have a very special responsibility to make a new and successful beginning. I know we all look forward to that day.

J.B.





A t h l e t i c s

Colours

Soccer:	Toby Bronson John Kirkpatrick Stephen Krane Lawrence McNally
Cross-Country:	Richard Archer Toby Bronson Nicholas Nightingale
Hockey:	Mark Barr Martin Moffatt
Squash:	Paul McMenemy Andrew Pepall
Basketball:	Richard Archer
Swimming:	Ian Batty Marc Genereux Greg Williams
Cricket:	Gavin McCulloch



First Team Soccer

F
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l



FRONT ROW: Morris, McCulloch, Gordon, Barr, Bronson, McMenemy, Krane, Kirkpatrick.
BACK ROW: McNally, Easson, Moffatt, Archer, Mr. Bailey.

The first team this year went through an outstanding season, being undefeated. After fourteen games they had scored fifty-eight goals and had only ten scored against them. They played a four-two-four for most of the season depending on a strong half-backs line. Both of the half-backs received their colours for outstanding play. These players being Toby Bronson and Stephen Krane. Other colours winners were our outstanding goalkeeper Lawrence McNally and rapid firing left winger John Kirkpatrick. The team controlled the ball very well and because of this they scored an average of 4 goals a game. The firsts played only six away games

and managed to win them all. The best competition all season was a game at U.C.C. in which Appleby had to come back in the second half to win by a score of 2-1. Of course this report would not be complete unless I gave an honourable mention to all the players who gave such a great effort. These include our quick dribbling forward Richard Archer our reliable goal scoring right winger Andrew Pepall and of course our dependable full-back Ian Gordon. Congratulations guys to an excellent year. We all also thank Mr. Bailey very much for coaching us through this season.

Appleby	4 Hillfield	1
Appleby	10 Ridley	0
Appleby	2 U.C.C.	1
Appleby	5 St. Georges	1
Appleby	4 Ridley	0
Appleby	7 Crescent	1
Appleby	3 St. Andrews	3
Appleby	5 Ashbury	0
Appleby	6 Ashbury	0
Appleby	3 Crescent	1
Appleby	3 U.C.C.	1
Appleby	3 Ridley	1
Appleby	3 Hillfield	0

John Easson





FRONT ROW: McConnell, Bruce, Williams, Buysschaert, Piasecki, Crawford, Lewis, Home.
BACK ROW: Schooling, Nightingale, Lewitt, Meredith, De Josselin De Jong, Genereux, Mr. Berriman, Sorokolit.

Seconds

This was a mixed season for us. We had a very good team - good forwards, strong halfbacks, fullbacks with big kicks and Richard Schooling guarding the net. Our team gained greatly when three First teamers joined us. However, even though we played well and as a TEAM, the opponents were often better.

Seconds didn't start off the season too well, with three straight losses. We improved quickly and had a five game winning streak. We lost one more game and were victorious for our remaining three.

Our last game of the season was against the fathers. This game was a constant battle between D.J. and his dad. Mr. Nightengale starred in goal for the fathers and the dads emerged unfortunately as victors, 5-2.

I'd like to give a special thanks to Coach Berriman for a great job.

R. Buysschaert

Wins	Losses	Ties
5	4	2

Thirds

The third team had a mixed season at best, struggling to an even record in twelve games. A lack of scoring punch plus a slow-moving and inexperienced group of defenders left us struggling in many games. Several good performances were turned in by individuals, however. Dan Moses by mid-season was a great asset and Derek Mattimoe improved with every game. Paul Petersen (when playing) gave new zest to the team through his aggressive play. Steve Guthrie on attack played well but too often there was no one there to help him out.



FRONT ROW: Petersen, Moses, Bascombe, Bannister, Gardner, Galway, Leach.
BACK ROW: Cooper, Pepall, Evans, Mr. McLean, Guthrie, Mattimoe.

Fourth's



FRONT ROW: Willson, Stewart, Henderson, Mull, Williams, Merry, Seferian.
BACK ROW: Mr. Boyd, Schuring, Makowy, Bruchal, Sorokolit, Chlebus, Feliciant.

Our season this year was remarkably good for we always presented ourselves on the field as a unit and we worked hard.

Our Captain was Stewart Henderson who played centre half with improved skill throughout the season. Our other strong halves were D. Chlebus and A. Stewart who charged the ball aggressively and played the ball up well. Though our fullbacks and goaltender were somewhat weak at times and allowed several poor goals, it should be noted that they played with spirit and D. Feliciant receives special recognition for noticeable improvement. Our fleet forwards did not have the kicking power and accuracy needed to overpower the opposition but they did score a number of well-earned goals. Special mention must go to Darren Williams who joined the team from 'B' group and became our striker. He scored over 60% of our goals and initiated many drives.



Fifth's

The Fifth Team enjoyed a successful season, improving its standard of play as the term went on. In September the team depended very much on the skill of one or two individuals, but by November it had developed into a complete TEAM, in the real sense of the word. The strength of the side lay in its ability to pass the ball well, and no players did this better than Mark Follows and Peter Mann. Robbie Milburn showed speed on the right wing; Rob Schneider, George Mann and Geoff Anderson all played well on occasions; and the defence of Paul Jaworski, Chris Humeniuk and Robert Archer coped more than adequately with the forwards of any opposing team, with the possible exception of Crescent. This was altogether an excellent season.

RECORD: Played 9, Won 6, Tied 2, Lost 1. Goals For: 45 Goals. Goals Against: 6.



FRONT ROW: Milburn, Schneider, Humeniuk, Follows, Mairs, Reid.
BACK ROW: Sandford, Jaworski, Anderson, Archer, Kendall, Mann, Mr. Rudgard.

Sixths



FRONT ROW: Eckert, Bell, Jelinek, Wong, MacLennan, Grant, Hays, Bhar, Washington.
BACK ROW: Nicholson, Neumann, Mann, Mr. Shorney, Spidle, McCleary, Ochrym.

By far, this year's 6th Soccer Team was the best I've seen in a long time. The players were small in stature but large in determination. Many of the young boys developed their kicking and passing skills very quickly. Our forward lines were very fast in making plays, especially Eckert and Washington - the two Scotts!

Our team Captain, Nick Jelinek, played the game very well and demonstrated good team leadership and sportsmanship throughout the season. Our halfbacks, led by Patrick Neumann, were skilled in clearing the ball up the field out of danger. Our fullbacks and two goal keepers had their weak moments, but nevertheless, they worked extremely hard to protect their zone.

All in all, I was pleased with the great sportsmanship and total effort displayed by all team members.

This has been a vintage year, for our teams have been extremely successful, the general attitude has been determined, and a new event has been inaugurated. We have also been blessed with unusually pleasant fall weather which has helped to make the running a real pleasure.

As is now tradition the competitive season was crowded into a short period. In the second week of October a team of seven ran in the Brock High School Meet. There were one hundred and twenty-five runners, so it was a rare pleasure to see Toby Bronson and Andrew Ross leading the field for the first part of the race. Although they did not maintain this position, they finished fifth and seventh, better by far than any of our runners have done previously. With the arrival of Michael Genereux and Nicholas Nightingale our team finished in third position out of seventeen participating schools - a notable achievement which will be hard to match and harder to beat.

Two days later we held the Independent Schools' Championship at Appleby. With more teams than usual taking part, we still managed to win convincingly. Toby Bronson broke the course record by six seconds, but he needed the close support of Nicholas Nightingale, Richard Archer and Christian De Josselin De Jong for the team to finish ahead of Hillfield. Our under-12 team also won, but James Mairs, the winner, Scott Washington, Robert Archer and Mark Follows had to push themselves in order to nose out St. George's, Vancouver.

Then the following week came the tribal meet with every boy in the school running. We were treated to some stout-hearted performances, particularly by Toby Bronson who beat the previous course record by twenty-one seconds.

Cross-Country



FRONT ROW: Gordon, Nightingale, Bronson, Archer, Krane.
BACK ROW: De Josselin De Jong, Mr. Nightingale.

Under
14



James Mairs won the Intermediate race convincingly from Robert Archer, and the Junior race was won by Scott Washington with Henry Mann and Cam MacLennan close behind. The last meet of the season, the Inter-tribal Team championship, was anti-climatic; it was held after half-term, hockey had started and the "bloom was off the rose". However, in spite of the November date it was a glorious afternoon, perfect for running. Although the times were slower, the competition was no less keen. Toby Bronson again won his race by a large margin, and Richard Archer and Nicholas Nightingale had another lung-bursting race for second place. The Cayugas proved to be in the champions with the race winning - help of James Mairs and Scott Washington.

The inaugural event this year was the father and son relay held on the last Saturday in October, another glorious Indian-summer day. Twenty family teams took part and, as many had predicted, the Bronson partnership finished first. It was a happy occasion and with such game fathers and mothers, three of whom ran, it was hardly surprising that the boys do so well.

Thus the season which had been so successful drew to a close and the boys turned their minds to other sports for the winter. I was left with an indelible memory of swarms of unbelievably eager grade fours and fives buzzing round the course every Thursday and all asking at once through their panting and spluttering what their times were. The future of the school teams is in good hands with them, and this was no more clearly typified than by George Nicholson's amazing feat (feet?) of achieving his centipede. Well run, everyone!

Mr. Nightingale

Under 12



Mann, MacLennan, Archer, Mairs, Mr. Nightingale, Follows, Nicholson, Washington.



First Team Hockey

W
i
n
t
e
r



FRONT ROW: McNally, Mann, Follows, Crawford, Krane, Millar, Dobell, Bruce.
BACK ROW: Schooling, Moffatt, Piasecki, Barr, Leach, Mr. Singer, Guthrie, Nightingale.

This was an exciting year for the First Team. They met many tough challenges and managed to overcome the majority of them. They were often matched against older and stronger opponents. They never gave up, and managed to play with pride and class.

Our Captain, Martian Moffatt, often held us in during difficult games. We also had strong support on defence led by Steve Bruce and Steve Guthrie. Stuart (Smiley) Smith trained our goaltender, while Dave Walsh controlled our defensive squad, and Dave Singer coached the offense and the team in general.

The offense was the part that carried the team. It was lead by Mark Barr, Steve Krane and Jamie Piasecki. This was our first line which supplied us with many goals and much encouragement. Mark Barr was the leading point getter, and had the second most goals. Steve Bruce scored the most goals and second most points. Mark Follows and Peter Mann had a good season and are only in sixth grade (hope for the future). Lawrence McNally and Richard Schooling

added extra support on defense. Dave Leach, Andrew Dobell and Andrew Crawford managed to lead the third line. Nicholas Nightingale and Scott Millar helped our offensive attack.

We were at our best when we played a series against Ashbury College from Ottawa and Lower Canada College in Montreal.

All in all the whole team improved greatly during the season and our team appreciated the constant effort of our coaches.

Mark Barr



Second Hockey



FRONT ROW: Merry, Mull, Henderson, Sandford, Petersen, Mann, Jaworski, Bascombe.
BACK: McCarter, Humeniuk, Schooling, Mairs, Mayo.

The team this year got off to an extremely slow start, being defeated by several scores too embarrassing to mention. But, due to the perseverance of our coach, Mr. Boyd, we were transformed from a disorganized mob into an energetic and almost fit team, certainly never lacking in enthusiasm. After a few wins late in the season, we entered an Ashbury competition in high spirits. Winning it relatively easily, we gained confidence, and went on to win all but two games for the rest of the season.

Every single member of the team improved considerably, some more than others, but all the same, we

improved as a team. Enthusiasm was never lacking and every game, even those that were lost, were enjoyed by every participant.

Perhaps it is unfair to some to mention names, but in order to justify those who contributed their utmost I think it is necessary.

Individual standouts were as follows: Richard Schooling, our Captain, for his hard checking and good spirits which were the inspiration of the team, Chris Humeniuk, a center forward whose perpetual scoring won us many close games, Mike Merry, Darryl Mayo, all who showed great improvement. Time McCarter and Kurt Mull also

showed great team spirit. But Mr. Boyd deserves the most recognition. His hard work molded us into a team, and for his patience and spirit we all sincerely thank him.



Swimming

This Years teams started out well with two consecutive wins against St. Georges and Osler Public School. However our great rival Ridley defeated us twice in a row. These losses were partly due to the fact Ridley's team was based on grade nines. Our next meet resulted in a win against St. Georges at a Public Pool in Toronto. We were assisted by Chris King, Andrew Crawford-Brown, Andrew Ross and Chris Chapman, all Senior School swimmers.

Strong swimming by Greg Williams and Marc Genereux all season long was still not enough to take revenge on the Ridley Team, but our Juniors did score a victory in their division due to excellent efforts by Stewart Ritchie and Ian Batty. Our final meet was against Ridley but this was the opposite of our last meet. The Seniors won by three points beaking a J.S. record in the Freestyle relay. The Juniors lost by six giving Ridley their fourth victory by three points. At the end of the season the record stood at three wins, four losses and no ties. Three boys received their colours: Marc Genereux who dominated all freestyle events, Greg Williams, our Captain, and Butterfly artist, and Ian Batty. All in all I think the year was a success and we all thank our coach, Mr. Bailey for doing a superb job and giving us some excellent advice for the years to come.

*John Easson
Greg Williams*

Under 14



FRONT ROW: Lewitt, Williams, McConnell, Hassal.
MIDDLE ROW: Genereux, Easson, Petkovich.
BACK ROW: Meredith, Batty, Mr. Bailey, MacKay.



Under 13



FRONT ROW: Anderson, Ritchie, Schuring, Vanderkerckhove, Reid, Wong.
MIDDLE ROW: Seguin, Bannister, DuToit, Gardner, Kautzky, Seferian.
BACK ROW: Mr. Bailey, Shaw, McConnell, Wackernagel, Hassal, O'Reilly, MacKay, Batty.



This year's team, consisting of five players and one substitute was not as successful as we had planned. Giants like Ridley collapsed our hopes in the first game of the season. Teams persisted in walking over our centre, John Durdan, our two forwards Richard Archer and David Sorokolit, and our guards John Home and Derek Mattimoe.

We thought better luck next time but were defeated again and again. None of us gave up. We kept trying fast breaks and other ideas Mr. Winter our head coach, had dreamed up from basketball books. Teams like Hillfield, St. George's and U.C.C. beat us again and again. The team then developed a new way of winning. If the opposition didn't double our score, we had accomplished something.

With all our losses we did succeed in winning two games against Crescent and came extremely close, (two points) to beating Ridley. Our season wasn't that terrible at all. Richard Archer, our captain, received his colours for his fine effort on the court. Everyone, including the coach, learned a great deal about the game and we all had an interesting season.

David Sorokolit

2nd Basketball



FRONT ROW: Sorokolit, Archer, Galway, Milburn, Schutz.
BACK ROW: Williams, Pih, Borromeo, Stewart, Gignac, Mr. Winter, Anderson, McKibbon, Bruchal.

The second team started off slowly but greatly improved as the season progressed and won the two last games for a record of three wins and nine losses.

The first game was against Hillfield who had a more experienced team than Appleby and won easily. The first game that we won was at St. George's. Their team was about the same level as us and it was a close game. The next game was against U.C.C. This was also a close game and Appleby won it by six points. The last game was against Crescent. Although the floor was wet due to a leak in the gym roof, the game went well and Appleby won

1st Basketball



FRONT ROW: Pih, Mattimoe, Archer, Durdan, Home.
BACK ROW: Robbins, Mr. Winter, Sorokolit, McKibbon.



their third game.

Two team members played exceptionally well, Robert Archer and Ivan Gignac. Archer's good layups helped our scoring especially against St. George's. Gignac played well in most games and was second to Archer in the scoring category.

Squash

The Squash Team has this year been very strong, stronger than it has been for many years and stronger than it will be for a while. The reason for this is that there have been more experienced players and all boys have succeeded in greatly improving their skills. Much of this is due to the invaluable weekly coaching by Mr. Swift.

Although we have played our usual enjoyable matches with Ridley, most of our competition has been in the local tournaments. Andrew Pepall, Toby Bronson, Gavin McCulloch, Paul McMenemy, Ian Gordon and Christian de Josselin de Jong have all gained experience in tournaments at the Granite Club and the Toronto Cricket Club, as well as in the Ontario and Canadian under 14 championships. Once again we hosted an invitational tournament and once again our "A" Team managed to win.

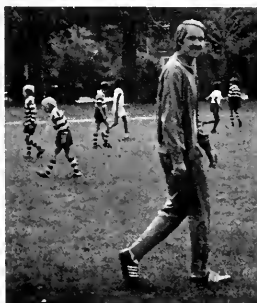
The final tournament of the season was our own championship won decisively by Andrew Pepall over Toby Bronson. It was an interesting match of completely contrasting styles, Andrew having the shots and Toby the stamina. I am sure that we shall be hearing of the feats of many of these players in Senior Squash in the years to come.



FRONT ROW: McMenemy, Bronson, Pepall, McCulloch.
BACK ROW: Mr. Nightingale, Buyschaert, Morris, De Josselin De Jong, Gordon, Willson, Kirkpatrick.

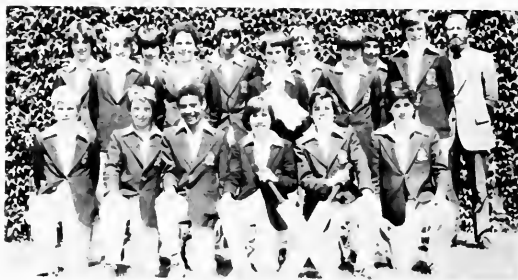


Grade 4 and 5 Multiple Sports



S p r i n g

First Team Cricket



FRONT ROW: McNally, Piasecki, Morris, McCulloch, Krane, McConnell.
MIDDLE ROW: Gordon, Williams, Tarbet, McMenemy, Easson.
BACK ROW: Bronson, Archer, Moffat, Nightingale, Pepall, Mr. Nightingale.

This has been quite a successful season with three victories, three draws and two losses. However, the drawn games were all 'moral' victories since it was merely a matter of time before we won.

The team this year has had the most potential of any team for several years; it has not had to depend on one or two outstanding players for there has been real depth. We have had at least seven bowlers, many have played good innings with the bat, and two wicket-keepers, Toby Bronson and Martin Moffatt, have shown good potential.

The season started with a spate of runs against U.C.C. Ian Gordon with 46 and Gavin McCulloch with an undefeated 61 took our total to 156. However, U.C.C. also had some good batsmen and they reached 128. This victory gave us

great confidence for our games with Ridley. Peter McConnell, Andrew Pepall, John Easson and Greg Williams all had good innings in their matches, and Ian Gordon and Andrew Pepall bowled well. We then looked forward eagerly to our return match with U.C.C. Playing on the first team wicket we decided to bat first, but after Nicholas Nightingale gave us a good start the rest of the batting never really did anything. Only Gavin McCulloch's 16 took us up to 65, and U.C.C. scored these with two wickets to spare.

The second half of the season was also successful, the only defeats being at the hands of St. Andrews and a star-studded Father's Team. Against St. Andrews' varied attack our batting collapsed completely even though Nicholas Nightingale showed that if you stick to your

technique you cannot go wrong and Peter McConnell made run-scoring look easy until he carelessly hit line wicket. Our total of 25 did not allow our bowlers or fielders any room for error!

It was a keen and enjoyable season in which all players tried hard and successfully to improve their skills. Everyone who played for the first team has a promising future in Senior School teams. Well played everyone!



This year the Seconds were undefeated and proud of it. We played some very tough opponents especially U.C.C. and, thanks to a strong fielding side, vanquished them.

Our victories occurred after games with U.C.C., Ridley, Lakefield and St. Andrew's.

Our Captain, David Meredith led the contingent of capable bowlers which also included Archer, Piasecki and Dobell.

Mark Barr received an award for his outstanding catches in the field.

Our batting was inconsistent, but several capable performances were turned in by Paul Lewitt, Andy Crawford and John Durdan.

All in all, it was a satisfying season and the team spirit was strong throughout.

Second Team

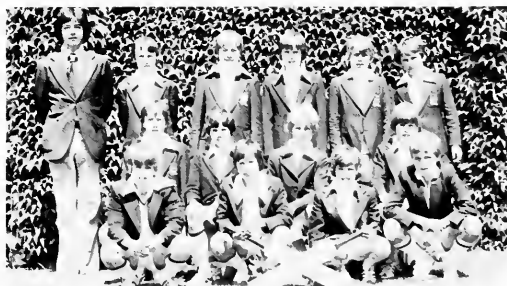


FRONT ROW: Dobell, Crawford, Meredith, Home.
MIDDLE ROW: Pih, Sorokolit, Bruce, Barr, Durdan.
BACK ROW: Mr. Boyd, Lewitt, De Josselin De Jong.



Third Team

The thirds had a mixed season after a very promising start. Early season victories were by wide margins and as a whole the team played well with good fielding, batting and bowling coming from a large group of players. The second half of the season was disappointing as promising batsmen did not continue to make the progress they could, catches were dropped in the field and the bowling became erratic. Fine seasons were turned in by Evans and Kirkpatrick and more experience should help Guthrie, Willson and Leach become good cricketers.



FRONT ROW: Mull, Mann, Follows, Bannister.
MIDDLE ROW: Evans, Millar, Petersen, Bascombe.
BACK ROW: Mr. Josselyn, Kirkpatrick, Chlebus, Guthrie, Leach, Willson.

Fourth Team



FRONT ROW: Bain, Reid, Stacey, Williams.
MIDDLE ROW: Archer, Mann, Mairs, Anderson, Stewart.
BACK ROW: Mr. Bailey, Humeniuk, Shaw, McKenna, Kendall.

Fifth Team

No one, looking at the members of the Fifth Team playing their other sports, could have thought that this would become a winning cricket team. Yet such was the case and we were undefeated in four games. Time, practice and sound advice from Captain Robin Tarbet, moulded the boys into a formidable team.

Our fielding was very sharp and although we dropped quite a few catches, we usually made up for it in hard accurate returns. Our batting order changed quite a bit as people progressed. It usually started off with Jim McCarter and Kurt Mull or Paul Petersen who could provide the runs at the beginning of the game.

On one occasion, Michael Merry hit twenty-five runs, leading us to a 125-28 romp over Ridley College. Our bowling was very accurate, led by Tarbet, Merry, Pepall, Mattimoe and Wackernagel. All in all though, the boys played their positions very well and always displayed friendly, competitive spirit throughout the season.

My sincere thanks to all the members of Fifth Team who gave their very best.

This year's Team was a healthy mixture of 'veterans' and 'rookies'. Ably led by Captain Anderson, the team showed great promise for the future. Mairs, Shaw, Kendall and Sandford shared the bowling tasks, often bewildering their opponents with barrages of off-spins, full tosses and 'curves'. Relief men McKenna and Williams also contributed to the attack. Surrounding these boys was a sound field that did their best to contain the score. At bat, notable scores were achieved by Anderson (24), Shaw (22) and Reid (22), while the other team members did their part to raise our total scores.



FRONT ROW: Schultz, Lewis, Vanderkerckhove, Merry.
BACK ROW: Wackernagel, Petersen, Mr. Shorney, Pepall, McCarter, Sorokolit, Mattimoe.



Tennis

The Tennis Team had an excellent season, especially when one considers how little practice time was available. Andrew Pepall ably captained the group and played some very fine matches especially against Ridley. John Durdan and Gavin McCulloch improved steadily as the season progressed and Stephen Krane and Ian Gordon gave the Team depth it had not previously had. Matches against Crescent were well played but the highlight of the season was undoubtedly our victory in the final match against an older more experienced Ridley team who had been undefeated to that stage.



FRONT ROW: Piasecki, McCulloch, Krane, Gordon.
BACK ROW: Durdan, McMenemy, Pepall.



Sports Day



SENIORS

100 metres	Richard Archer
200 metres	Martin Moffatt
400 metres	Richard Archer
800 metres	Toby Bronson
1500 metres	Toby Bronson
110 metre hurdles	Marc Genereux
High Jump	Christian De Josselin De Jong
Long Jump	Andrew Pepall
Shot Put	Paul Lewitt
Javelin	Richard Archer
Discus	Christian De Josselin De Jong
Cricket Ball Throw	Christian De Josselin De Jong

INTERMEDIATES

75 metres	Wayne Morris
200 metres	Wayne Morris
400 metres	Ian Batty
800 metres	Ian Batty
110 metre hurdles	Wayne Morris
High Jump	Wayne Morris
Long Jump	Ian Batty
Cricket Ball Throw	Wayne Morris
Obstacle Race	Jason Bannister

JUNIORS

50 metres	Geoffrey Spidle
200 metres	Patrick Neumann
400 metres	Scott Washington
110 metre hurdles	Scott Washington
High Jump	Patrick Neumann
Long Jump	Patrick Neumann
Cricket Ball Throw	Bobby Bhar
Obstacle Race	Michael Hays





TRIBAL EVENTS

4 x 50 metres Junior Relay
 4 x 100 metres Intermediate Relay
 4 x 100 metre Senior Relay
 4 x 100 metre Open Relay
 Tug of War

Cayuga
 Mohawk
 Oneida
 Mohawk
 Oneida

TROPHY WINNERS

Junior Victor Ludorum
 Intermediate Victor Ludorum
 Senior Victor Ludorum
 Wright Cup - Field Events

Patrick Neumann
 Wayne Morris
 Richard Archer
 Christian de Josselin
 De Jong
 Mohawk 111 1/2 pts.
 Oneida 96
 Cayuga 86 1/2
 Seneca 62

Streight Inter-Tribal Cup



Gym Display



Every year the Junior School presents a Display where the Parents can see what their sons have been doing in Phys. Ed. class.

This year's production went off fine. It included relays done by the grade 4's and 5's. The same classes also did a display of Blind Boxing in which six boys are gloved and blindfolded in the centre of the gym. They are then spun around and told to punch. Some wild swinging makes the event fun for all.

The Grade six's contribution to the display was an exhibition with a parachute and the Grade Seven's a well co-ordinated tumbling routine.

The Grade eights put on two Displays. The first a Team handball game, a combination of basketball and soccer. The other routine was a number of Boxing Drills and a few matches.

The Display's highlight was the Gym Team's exercises over the Horse and off the Miniature Tramp. We all hope the parents appreciated the work that went into the production and enjoyed it at the same time.

John Easson



Talent Night



BANDIT



Bandit was a young raccoon who had just separated from his mother and was on his way to live a life all alone. Bandit travelled up a rocky slope to a mountain which he knew quite well because his mother used to take him there. This curious raccoon came to a burrow, when, through the corner of his eye, he saw something jump at him. When

Bandit had a chance, he turned around to see what had jumped and there in front of him stood an emaciated raccoon.

"Who are you?" he hissed.

"I am Bandit", he growled back. "Why are you so haggard? It's almost hibernation. What is your name?"

"I am Misty", he replied in a

croaky voice, "my mother left me in the snow two days ago, and has not come for me yet."

"Would you like to come with me?" asked Bandit.

When Misty felt better the two walked away to find a home for the winter; the start of an incredible adventure.

Mark Follows

NIGHT FEARS

You creep upstairs to switch on the light,
While monsters hide out of sight,
A hairy thing upon the stair,
It's only my sister's teddy bear.
You make it to the light at last,
You switch it on and take a gasp,
You open the bedroom door so wide,
That all the light pours inside.
You close the door and look around,
The shadows lurk upon the ground.
You jump in bed stiff with fear,
And listen to the sounds you hear.
A killer rat gnawing with rage,
It's only my hamster chewing his cage.
A gurgling monster that doesn't care,
It's only the washing machine from downstairs.
Some clanking and groaning means the ghosts are up,
It's only the heating warming up.
At last there's not sound or call,
The monsters are dead, so GOODNIGHT ALL!

Andrew Lewis



THE SCHOOLBOY'S JOY

When I score the winning goal

I feel joy,

When I get the highest mark

I feel joy,

If I run the fastest lap

I feel joy,

If I see my report is good

I feel joy.

May it continue thus

For the good of my playing,

May it continue thus

For the good of my learning,

May it continue thus

For the good of my running,

May it continue thus

For the good of my schooling.

John Lancaster

100 MILES

100 miles I have to run,
Running and hoping to get it done.
That 100 miles still left to run
Tripping, stumbling, hitting a pine,
'Till I've covered almost 9.

I'm getting tired, but I'll not stop,
Until I feel I'm going to drop.
Out of the woods and along the path,
I think I've run almost half.
I have got to run that 50 miles.

Up a gentle slope I creep
Upon reaching the top it starts to get steep.
Sprinting downhill, I completely wipe out.
It really stings, but I'll not pout,
Until I run that 100 miles.

George Nicholson



WINTER

Snowflakes swirl round and round,
softly and slowly they tough the ground;
A thick white carpet along the street,
Crunches and creaks beneath my feet,
Everything's larger with its cost of white,
Glistening, dazzling, sparkling, bright;
In the cold exciting breeze,
Snow like ice cream falls off trees;
Iced up puddles along the path,
When you slip they seem to laugh;
The old cold winter eventually goes,
But he has numbed me from nose to toes.

Andrew Lewis

Big black thunder clouds
Cover the bright golden sun
Good and evil fight.

Andrew Lewis

Seagull dips and flies
And dives into the ocean
Then soars away.

Grant Horwood

Years and years go by
What is this fortune wasted?
This fortune is time.

Chris Humeniuk



SAILING

It was on a bright and windy day
The Appleby Lasers cast away
Determined they would sail all day
However, the wind would have its way.

The skipper busily grasped the main sheet
And holding it was quite a great feat
For the wind was very strong and gusting
And the water's spray tremendously stinging.

He gave the crew the main sheet
For he himself did not want to beat
However, the outhaul snapped with a wack
And the mast went over with a smack.

The ice cold water bit the skipper's knees
And the crew screamed that he was going to freeze
But the skipper calmly went round the stern
Thinking the crew would have to learn.

The skipper pulled with a mighty heave-ho
For he knew that up the mast it would go
The crew scrambled fearfully into the boat
For he had hit the water without a coat.

The crew man he was full of fear
For he thought his death was very near
But the skipper remained eternally calm
For a bit of cold water would do no harm.

James MacKay

THE RAIN THAT FALLS LIKE TEARS UPON MY FACE

The rain that falls like tears upon my face,
The quiet stillness of the dreary streets,
The darkened alley along which I pace,
While leaky gutters drip in rhythmic beats.
The tall and gloomy buildings rise and meet
Above my head against the clouded sky;
Birds fly round in search of a retreat,
All this is seen through my regretful eye.
A jagged streak of lightening flashes down,
For that brief time the dusk is turned to day,
The thunder echoes through the sleepless town
And angry winds make sturdy lamp-posts sway.
Unfortunately those days cause much pain,
Inevitably they shall come again.

John Lancaster

TROGS!

Junior School Drama



This year's production, called TROGS!, was a science fiction-fantasy about two races of unusual creatures fighting for a precious gem that radiated peace. Two space cadets earning merit badges become entangled in the feud. Joining forces with the present guardians of the gem (called the "Adamas"), these brave boys fought against the vicious denizens of the deep, the Trogs, and encountered many strange events.

The courageous cadets, Alpha (James Mairs) and Beta (Michael Pepall), first met the Trogs and nearly had a confrontation. Subsequently, they discovered the Gentilians led by Balthazar (Neol Peacock), his wife, Palma (Danny Moses) and their children, Noma (Rob Evans), Palma (David Berriman), Pulvere (Henry Mähn) and Flower (Raymond Wong). Noma suffered a horrible death when he was decapitated by a Zamboni (Kurt Mull). They returned to the caves to find their children had been kidnapped. The Trogs appeared and demanded the Adamas as ransom.

Jezebel the Mystic (Greg Williams) came to aid the Gentilians in their dilemma. Sent out to find a wizard of the black arts names Sorceron (Nick Nightingale), the cadets stumbled upon the magician's guards, the Wereworms (Tony MacKinnon, Derek Mattimore, David Sorokolit). Finally finding Sorceron, they return to the caves. Sorceron uses the Adamas to discover the Trogs' caves and then decides to steal the gem for himself.

When refused, Sorceron traps Beta and Balthazar. When he exits, the Trogs appear and threaten to roast Beta if they are not given the location of the mine. The Chief Trog, Trikor, was played to the hilt by Mr. Nair Bailey.

In the end, Alpha returns and kills all the Trogs (Richard Buysschaert, Scott Millar, Geoff Spidle, Mark Follows and Peter Mann). Trikor is sent to find his way in the world alone. Happily the Gentilian children are returned and Alpha and Beta watch as the Adamas claims the life of Sorceron. As the smoke clears, the two cadets realize they are overdue and quickly try to think of excuses that their tutors might believe as to their long absence.

This production required the talents of many people and special commendation must go to Richard Schooling and his able-bodied stage crew for a realistic set. The stage manager was Mark Duncan and the lighting was capably managed by Elliott Newmann and Bart Sambrook. A special word - Brilliant - must be used to describe the costuming which was supervised by Mrs. Diana Berriman and Mrs. Rosalind Nightingale and executed by a large host of Appleby mothers who donated their time and expertise.



'Troggs!' was written, produced and directed by Mr. Boyd, who expressed his gratitude to everyone connected with the production for donating so much of their time and talent, and to the vast number of patrons who came to see it.

Richard Buysschaert



IT'S COOL IN THE FURNACE

This year the Junior School presented *It's Cool in the Furnace* by Grace Hawthorne and Beryl Reid, which is a musical setting of the biblical story about Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The whole Junior School except grade eight, took part. Conducting and playing the piano was the ever competent Mr. Royse. Noel Peacock took the part of Daniel and Nicholas Nightingale was King Nebuchadnezzar. Both boys did an excellent job.

In some places the choir had special parts to sing and was entirely responsible for the magnificent kazoo accompaniment.

Overall, the entire performance showed great enthusiasm and was enjoyed by all parents and friends.

S.M. Taylor

Music



CHOIR

Another year of hard work and long practices has gone by, and maybe a little bit for the better. We have certainly improved on last years standard, mostly due to Mr. Royse's coaching. The addition of adult Alto, Bass and Tenor parts has certainly made a great improvement on our sound, although it was only the occasional Friday service on which they sang. But a major factor is probably the

everyday practices after lunch. These practices gave us a chance to spend more time on our pieces, and the net result was usually displayed on the Friday services. This year's Choir has also been more publicly involved in a number of events, namely the Kiwanis Festival, in which we placed fourth, out of five, although we were complimented on the quality of our voices. The Carol Services also were a great success. But we did not total our successes to see if we had had a good year, for



they do not really matter. We did not spend that much time and effort on those few appearances. Although none of us is prepared to admit it, one did it for the warm feeling inside when one does good for the community.

Tom Nicholson

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TRIBAL STANDINGS

	Points			
	Cayuga	Mohawk	Oneida	Seneca
Cross-Country	4	1	3	2
Swimming	4	1	2	3
Soccer	2	1	4	3
Cross-Country Team	4	1	2	3
Academics Fall	1	2	4	3
Effort Board	1	3	4	2
Hockey	3	1	2	4
Squash	2	3	4	1
Swimming	4	1	2	3
Basketball	3	2	4	1
Academics Winter	2	4	3	1
Academic Improvement	4	3	1	2
Cricket	2	1	3 1/2	3 1/2
Track	2	4	3	1
Academic Spring	4	2	3	1
TOTALS	42	30	44 1/2	33 1/2



General



Activities



Awards



Grade 4	General Proficiency	Alex Ochrym
	General Progress	Rusty Bell
Grade 5	General Proficiency	David Manning
	General Progress	Geoffrey Spidle
Grade 6B	General Proficiency	Danny Bain
	General Progress	Stephen Schutz
Grade 6A	General Proficiency	Mark Follows
	General Progress	Jeffrey Vandekerckhove
		James Mairs
Grade 7B	General Proficiency	Greg Nenych
	General Progress	Kurt Mull
Grade 7A	General Proficiency	Simon Tam
	General Progress	Scott Hassal
Grade 8B	General Progress	Paul Lewitt
		Peter McConnell
Grade 8A	General Proficiency	Robin Tarbet
	General Progress	Greg Williams
		Jamie Piasecki

SPECIAL AWARDS

Andrew Gunyan Memorial Prize	Michael Lewis
(Best Essay in Grade 8)	
Shorney Award	Robin Tarbet
(Top Scholastic Standing in Grade 8)	
Miss Mona Niblett Shield	Toby Bronson
(Senior Tribesman)	
W. Distelmeyer Shield	Mark Follows
(Intermediate Tribesman)	
Miss Rose James Shield	George Nicholson
(Junior Tribesman)	
Women's Association Citizenship Cup	
(Grades 4, 5, 6)	John McKenna
McBride Citizenship Cup	John Easson
(Grades 7,8)	



JUNIOR SCHOOL READING PRIZES

Grade 4	Dylan Neal
Grade 5	John Davidson
Grade 6	Stephen Schutz
Grade 7	Dan Moses
Grade 8	Noel Peacock



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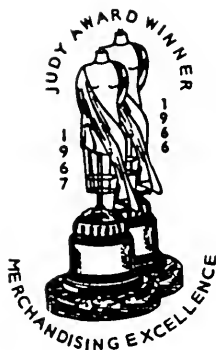
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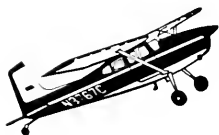
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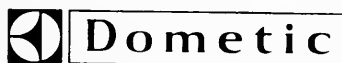
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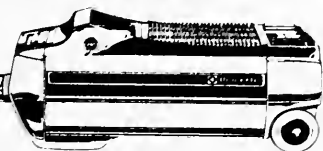
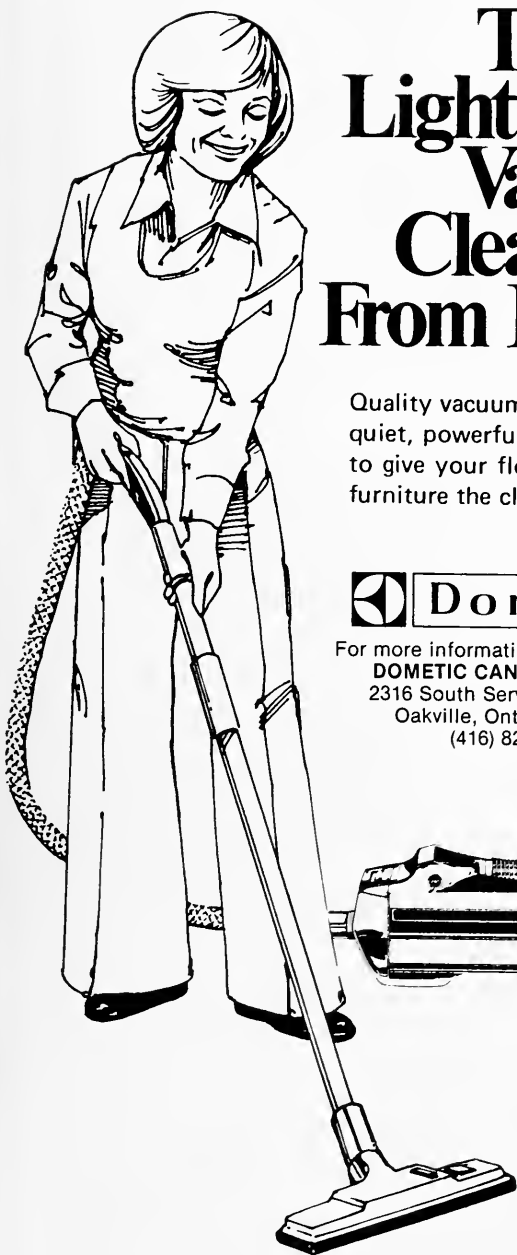
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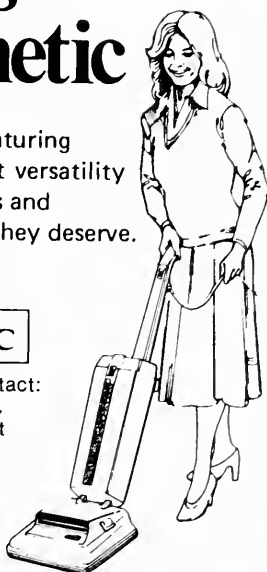
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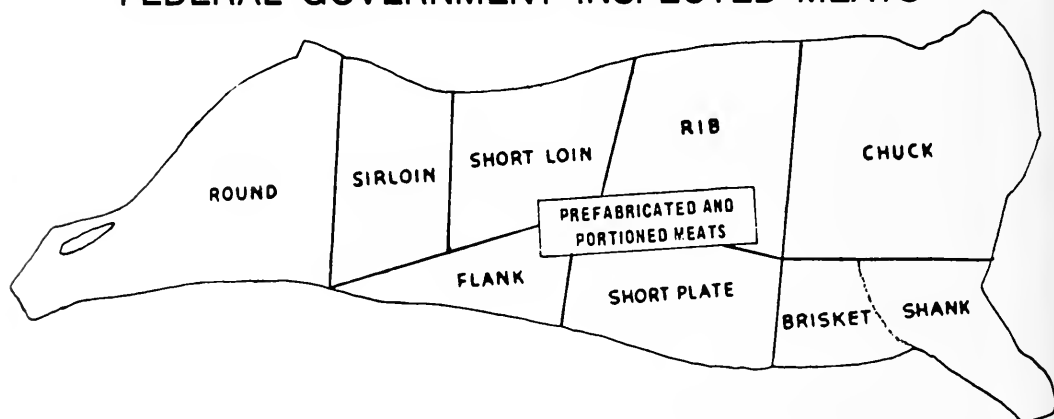


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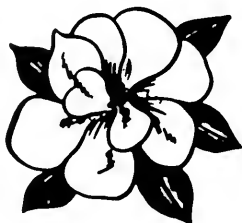


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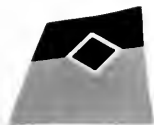
The Annie and Jane of Upper Canada led the way, followed by the R.H. Broughton, of Youngstown, U.S.A. Overcoming a fall of 325 feet in the Niagara River, the canal was designed to convey small craft from Lake Ontario to Port Robinson, about half way, and thence by way of the Welland and Niagara Rivers to Lake Erie. Swift currents forced

abandonment of the latter portion and the canal was extended across country in 1833 to Gravelly Bay, now Port Colborne.

The government bought control after the Union of 1841 and gradually introduced improvements. The route has been changed, locks reduced in number and increased in size. The Welland Canal has proved increasingly valuable in the 2,300-mile waterway into the heart of the continent.

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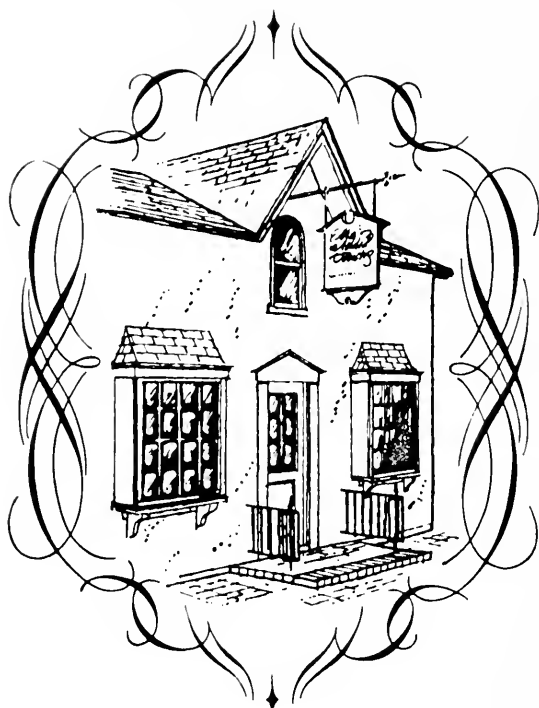


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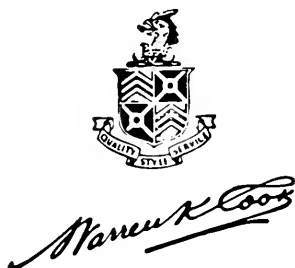
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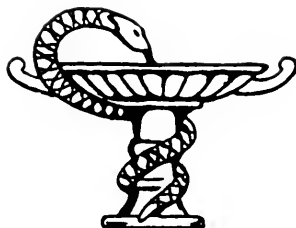
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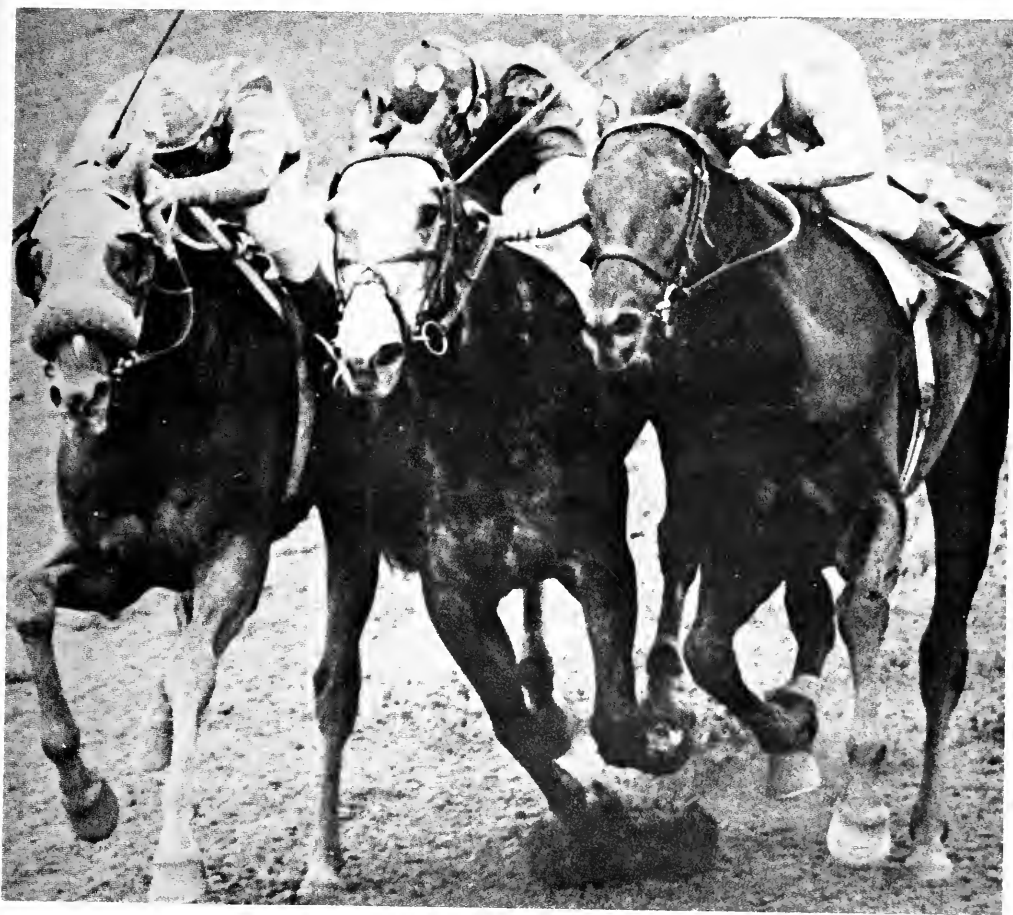
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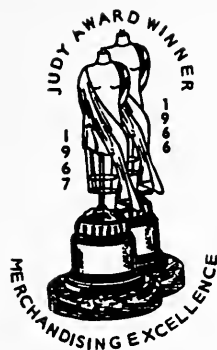


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